

The SILENT WORKER



APRIL 1925
Vol. 37 No. 7

A BIT OF OLD AMSTERDAM
From Water Color by Kelly H. Stevens

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the copy

NOTICE!

To

Deaf Artists

of the World

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near future, to get out an

Art Issue

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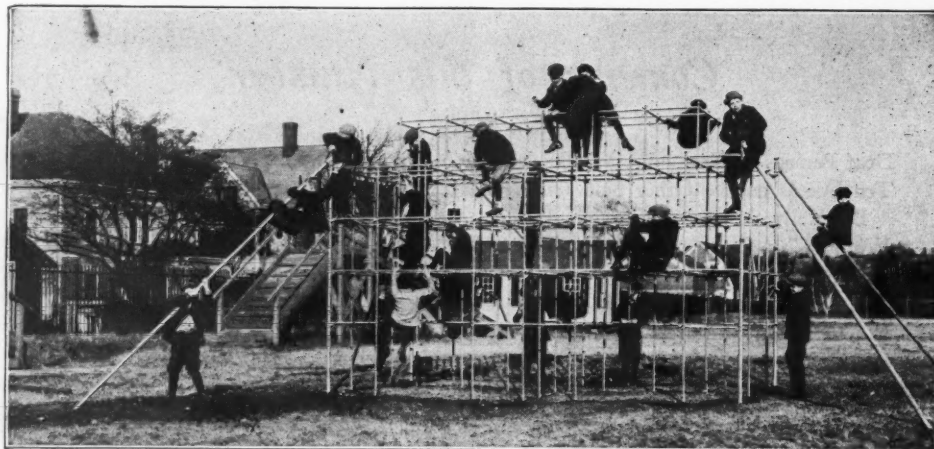
THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, New Jersey

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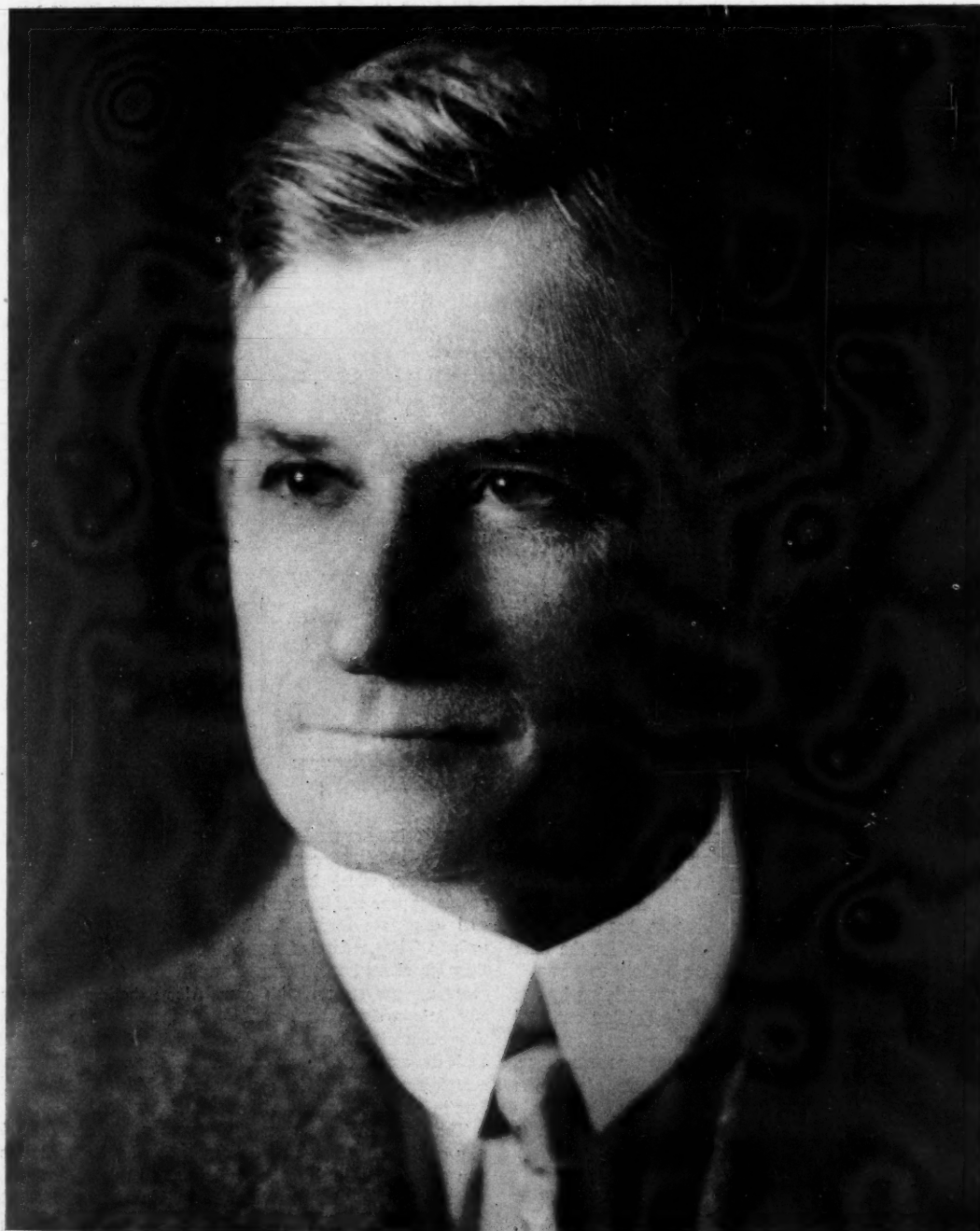
An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 37, No. 7

Trenton, N. J., April, 1925

25 cents the Copy

Deaf Persons of Note



W. W. BÉADELL, M. A.
Editor of "The Arlington Observer," Arlington, N. J. He is chairman of the N. A. D. Traffic Legislation Committee and is in the public eye just now on account of his aggressiveness in introducing a bill in the New Jersey Legislature to remove the restriction against the deaf as automobile drivers.

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Ten Weeks on *the* Other Side

By KELLY H. STEVENS



UR boat-train reached Harwich in a torrential downpour. With hundreds of other passengers I scrambled out to go on board the steamer "St. Denis." There were first the formalities of showing our papers at the Customs, and as there wasn't shelter enough for us all, the majority stood in line on the pier and got well-drenched. Such a rush as there was to get on the boat! It was a tighter squeeze than any bargain counter and almost as tight as the platform of a subway car on the West Side at five o'clock. But finally, wet and wilted, I reached my cabin—how restful and clean it was to a tired traveler—and found my cabin mate to be a young chemist from St. Louis.

The night was too wild, too spectacular, to remain below while the elements were making such a display. I went on deck. The lights of Harwich were behind, seen through the lashing rain. Searchlights played and caught every wet, reflecting surface. Diamonds sparkled against the jet. The North Sea was running high, occasionally washing over the decks of the little steamer. My first opportunity to be seasick offered itself, but I declined the proffer by going below to sleep out the night.

I awoke in a gray, rainy dawn. The steamer was at the quay at the Hook of Holland. We passed through the Dutch customs smoothly and quickly. Pretty soon I was on another little toy train whizzing, or shall I say swimming, through Holland.

It was drizzling rain and the flat fields, the canals, dykes, windmills, cottages and Holstein cattle all appeared through a thin veil of mist. Gradually this lifted and I found myself in Cross-word-Puzzle Land—nothing better describes the flat squares of land of varying shades of greenness, each completely surrounded by a ditch. In each plat are isolated sometimes a lonely Holstein cow, sometimes a dozen. Cows, cows everywhere, thousands of them visible in that short ride, until one could imagine the ditches were dug to let the milk run to market and that the windmills were there to pump it along. Each group of bossies is cut off from straying by the ditch. Bridges connect each plat with the adjoining one and in the middle of each bridge stands a gate, so that Bossy may not leave her green square for fresh fields and pastures new. Where there are not cows there are vegetable plats. The whole country seems as perfectly kept as a garden. The train passed through Schiedam, the Hague, Leyden and Harlem to Amsterdam, my goal.

*Frijdi, Juli 18,
"Het Gouden Hoofd"
Van Rembrandtsplein,
Amsterdam, Nederland.*

Dear Al:—Train your fine Greek eye on the above and you

will see that I am progressing famously with my Dutch. The signs and names here are interesting to study and I can usually make them out, since the Dutch employ our Roman letters and not the German black letter. I can almost read Dutch by dissecting the words and pronouncing them. Then they become quite English. The grammatical structure seems to be like ours, and it is said that Dutch and English have their roots in the same Saxon tongue. The stores here are all having their summer sales and display the sign "*Uitverkoop*". Now adopt the system of translation Mark Twain employed when he studied Italian and you get the result *Out of the coop* and a mental picture of goods leaving the stores

in a hurry. *Toegang* for "entrance" is very suggestive, together with its companion *Uitgang* for "exit". *Neen toegang* means that morons will be prosecuted if they have the hardihood to enter, and *Eingang* is used for a one-way street or passage. Everywhere is stuck up the word *Verboden*, which is exasperating to a free-born American. It savors just a little too much of Prussianism for me, particularly as I often don't know just what is verbodded.

If you put the *t* before the *H* and guess a little you will have *The Golden Head*, which is the name of this very Dutch Hotel. It is a tall, narrow building and has a handsome facade with a gilded stone head of Apollo. The hotel fronts on Rembrandt's Square, a small park containing a statue of that painter. The hotels all around the parks have sun awnings over the very wide walks. Little wicker chairs and tables are set out everywhere. It is my idea of Paris except for the Dutchy architecture.

I came here expecting to study stolid Hollanders in Amsterdam, (my former conception, which I have dismissed.) In Amsterdam, which has a very modern businesslike air, the people appear hustling and efficient—and they are. The streets and shops are thronged. The little street cars dash around quickly. They are only about half as large as our cars. Two of them go about hooked together and they round the corners of these narrow streets with ease. Along the top of every car runs a long sign. What would you expect them to advertise in this clean city? Lux! Almost every car blazons forth "Lux" with the assurance "*Doet wol niet krimpen. Voor het wasschen van fijnes weefsels*". Get that? Just try Mark Twain's methods Lux in Holland—great is the power of America!

The Amstel River is the city's great artery and from it the city gets the first part of its name. But hold on. Let me put you right—the Dutch fathers who named this northern Venice were not unduly profane, and they didn't hate the Amstel to the point of consigning it to infernal oblivion. The dam part of the name stands for mole or dyke. By damming the Amstel the Amsteldammers got Amsterdam, and without the dam



One of the many windmills which add a picturesque charm to the landscape in Holland.

there wouldn't be any Amsterdam, but an ocean. So there y'are.

The canals start from the Amstel and after flowing around in a series of concentric semi-circles reach the Amstel again. Every other street is a watery one. The canals have broad, tree-lined quays on either side. Long, low canal boats rest everywhere in the canals or are poled sluggishly along. The



**STOLID HOLLANDERS
IN AMSTERDAM**

houses that line the canals are very tall in proportion to their width and have stepped gables. They lean affectionately against each other in many cases, sometimes inward and sometimes out. Everywhere there are *pleins* or open places, bright with flowers.

There aren't any picture book styles in modern Amsterdam. I have seen only two pairs of wooden shoes today, and they were worn by canal boatmen from the country. The Amsterdamers dress more like Americans—smartly and simply. They have beautiful manners—their city is clean as can be imagined. This morning when I left the hotel the maid was scrubbing the stoop. When I returned this afternoon she was at it again. I couldn't but wonder if she had scrubbed that stoop all day.

This afternoon, it being too wet to go anywhere else I toedganged over to the Rijks Museum—the Dutch National Museum. I was astounded by the beauty and quantity of the old Dutch paintings. It seems the Rijks has *all* the famous Dutch pictures we know through the prints. There are Rembrandts, Hals, Vermeers, Ruisdaels and Teniers galore.

Good night. Tomorrow I am off for Holland's Comic Opera Isle.

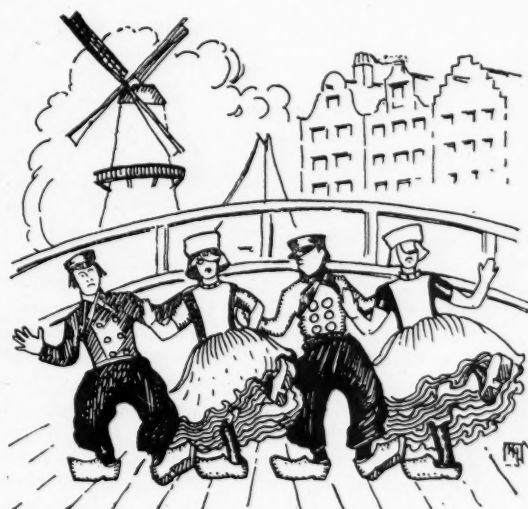
KELLY.

A few miles out in the Zuider-Zee from Amsterdam is the neatest little theatrical exhibit one can desire—the Comic Opera Island of Marken. To attend this vaudeville performance you take one of the many excursion boats which run every day from Amsterdam. As it happened I missed the boat I should have taken, the one filled with the Ameri-

can tourist, and took one which carried Dutch excursionists. My Dutch fellow-passengers threw themselves with zest into making the most of their day. I enjoyed being among them. They kept up a constant comment, roared with laughter at every humorous incident and kept the boat rocking to the music of an accordion. A fat woman stretched out asleep in the sunshine on the side of a dyke was enough to evoke a great deal of hilarity on the boat. I was soon adopted by a couple, the man Dutch, the woman German, who tried to make the trip more pleasant for me. We tried to converse in natural signs and what smattering of Dutch and German I knew but soon gave up the effort and thereafter stuck to the language of smiles.

After about an hour's ride we were at Marken. This diminutive isle consists of a few acres of flat, marshy land, completely walled in by dykes. Near one side is a village of gaily painted wooden houses reared on stilts around a brick church.

It being a Sunday the fishing boats belonging to the villagers were drawn up inside the quay. The Markeners were in their gayest holiday attire, bent alike on attracting attention and the shekels of tourists. I perceived at once the why of the voluminous Dutch trousers which allow of enormous pockets. It is an open secret that the islanders retain their distinctive dress of centuries solely to attract the tourist trade. Their ancestors were accustomed to wring a liv-

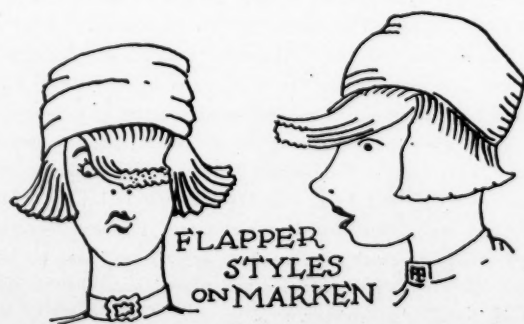


Life on the Comic Opera Isle.

ing from the sea; today the Markeners wring theirs from the tourist before that unhappy species can escape from the narrow confines of the islet.

Every other of these opera bouffe houses is a curio shop. I was enticed indoors by beckoning hands, and once inside entreated to buy. All sorts of carved wooden knick-knacks, among them beautifully decorated klompen or wooden shoes, are made by the inhabitants of the cottages during the long, stormy winter, and are sold to the tourist in the summer.

Klomp, klomp, klomp! Up and down along the dykes and over the cobbles the people went. All the island was on dress parade. A whole row of girls would clatter by, followed by a row of men, and then perhaps by a line of little tots with their mothers. All the blooming Dutch maidens stared at me askance as they passed. Not that I am ill-favored either, interested lady readers, but because of the style of bangs worn on Marken. Both the bob and the bang originated here on Marken long years since, and the bang, particularly, has been developed to a magnitude and stiffness



Both the bob and the bang originated here on Marken



*A suggestion of the quaint houses and picturesque
Costumes to be seen on the Isle of Marken.*

undreamed of elsewhere. Indeed, it serves the wearer's face as a sunshade, and hides coy blue eyes beneath a golden thatch.

We didn't stay to give the show an encore—our boat was about to pull out for Volendam and there was a bustle to get aboard. At Volendam, within sight of Marken we saw almost a repetition of Marken scenes and manners and of importunate palms. The costumes, however, vary greatly, and the peaked lace caps of the women are certainly attractive. The distinctive ornament of the Volendam woman is a collar of large coral beads, three tiers deep, worn around the neck.

Monnikendam, an old trading city of Hanseatic days, now almost deserted, and Broek-called the cleanest town in the world—finished off that day's trip. At Broek we were shown through a cheese making establishment. It is a large square farmhouse under the high thatched roof of which live both the family and their cows. One room contains the dairy and the cheese presses. Everything, including Bossy's bedroom, is scrupulously clean and neat. In the dairy we saw the pineapple cheeses and the Edam cheeses being made while Bossy from her boudoir looked on serene and content.

Early next morning I said good bye to Amsterdam with real regret, for I had enjoyed Amsterdam first, last, and all the time. It is so picturesque, yet so modern, its stores and museums so fine, its people so courteous and helpful—so like Americans of the best sort. And the cooking was splendid after what I had endured at the smaller towns in England. The Dutch are wonderful bakers. Their butter is freshly made and delicious, and such a quantity of it as they give you—no postage stamp on a china chip but a little golden mound of richness from which you may spread your bread heavily, on both sides if you care to.

We passed over the Belgian frontier (where the officials came through and gave everybody's baggage a stiff ransacking. They were not at all courteous about it, but then an Englishman in my compartment said that the Belgian customs officials were not always that bad.) Coming through Belgium I saw the peasants in their blue jeans and wooden sabots, cutting their wheat with sickles and tying it into sheaves by hand.

At noon I reached Brussels where I was to stop for a day. I arrived most opportunely for it was the Belgian National Holiday. The city was thronged with parading, cheering Belgians and hung with the national colors. One afternoon and evening was sufficient to see the sights of Brussels: the Grandes Places; the wonderful Gothic Hotel de Ville with its large square where a flower market was in progress; the King's Palace; the beautiful mediaeval Cathedral of St. Gudule; the Column of Congress which now guards the tomb of the Belgian Unknown Soldier. In view of the day his tomb was a mound of flowers. There are some very fine stores. What impressed me were the glass-roofed streets between the principal shops. They are called *galeries* and are for pedestrians only.

Brussels is a mixture of French and Dutch with the French

influence predominating. The street names, all public inscriptions and many advertisements are put up in both languages. Think what an opportunity for cross-word puzzles in such a dual language country.

That night saw me reposing blissfully in a *wagon-lit* on my way to Strassburg, formerly in Germany, now in France. Translated, the name means bed-carriage, and Americanized it means sleeper. This being my first experience in a European pullman I was quick to compare it with the American variety which it excels in privacy and comfort. There are a series of compartments, each fitted out with its own lavatory, two berths, two chairs and a writing desk. My travelling companion was a young Dutch lace salesman from Amsterdam who knew both English and French in addition to his own tongue.



*The slender Gothic spire of the beautiful Hotel de Ville
dominates the medieval Market Place of Brussels*

Mynheer pulled out his book of lace samples and turned our compartment into a miniature drygoods display. Not to be outdone I produced my sheaf of drawings and extracted one of Amsterdam (see cover). Mynheer beamed with recognition. "That is Reguliersgracht" he wrote—and he was right—I had noticed the street sign (or canal sign) near by as I sketched.

My slumber that night was not, unbroken. Along in the dim gray hours came a shaking and pulling. I was rudely brought back to reality and there, with bristling moustache, stood Mephistopheles in blue. Was it a nightmare? I rubbed my eyes—it was only a French customs officer demanding to see my bags. He took a peep into only one and passed on. When I finally woke I was in Strassburg.

(To be continued)

Windy City Observations

By THOMAS. O. GRAY



THE *Hartford* (Conn.) *Courant* of November 17, '24 contains an editorial, "On Dull'd Ears," which is a rather sympathetic attitude towards New Jersey's motor vehicle commissioner who claims he has received letters of commendation on his stand refusing the deaf permits to operate motor cars. Connecticut's commissioner has a decidedly different view and permits the deaf equal opportunity with the rest. Those letters of approval of the commissioner's stand purport to come from the street without a body guard. It is not a question for the New Jersey commissioner to decide without first giving it a thorough study. The unfortunate circumstances leading to his determination not to allow licenses to the deaf is only one of the every day accidents of other motorists. If these motorists were treated the same the deaf would have no cause for complaint. In the past year 22,000 persons have been killed by reckless motorists and not one of them has received as severe a penalty as has been tacked on the deaf of New Jersey. They still are free to run into another accident and when they do this they, through political pull, are able to escape punishment. But when a deaf driver bumps into one of the authorities throw up their hands and exclaim: "He's deaf and dumb and driving a car in the city streets!" Their ignorance whips them into revoking his license, and because one of their number met with a serious accident, the entire deaf of the state are forbidden the pleasure of motoring. How is this for fair play? It must be the same should a deaf-mute commit murder, is sentenced to hang and because of his crime the rest living in the state must also hang. Are the days of witchcraft returning? The dogged stand of the commissioners of New Jersey and Maryland, like the "Competency Act," is assuredly an instigator of bolshevicism. Adherents of the later claim that New York State eliminated 38,000 would-be motorists through examination for physical defects. Whether true or not it's certain every one whose application is rejected because he has some physical defect, automatically becomes a convert to the Russian Red's idea of government, not by belief, but by compulsory discrimination. Yet the solons insist in warning us of that peril. The seeds of these poisonous pods are directly nourished into life by the rottenness and corruption of politicians whose greed for easy money knows no ends. The best laws in the world is to give every one a chance and if he is incompetent to operate a car then he will soon show it. When a motorist shows by his own acts he cannot be trusted with a steering wheel, he should cease to operate a car.

This editorial contends that the increase in motor cars has given birth to the enacting of more rules and regulations to govern this increase. That the public must abide by those laws, if they expect to preserve their motoring life. It, also, warns that if a driver's hearing is impaired he's a menace on the highway. Such ignorance of the deaf in spite of the fact the paper claims to be the "oldest in America!" The *Hartford* school, also, is one of the oldest and this makes me wonder whether feudalism still predominates there. Otherwise, an understanding of the status of the deaf could be had by the editorial faculty of the *Courant*. The hearing of a driver is not essential in operating his car, except for conversation with a companion in his car. The age of the horn is about over, its use by the motorist has been condemned in many a locality because its tooting bewilders the pedestrian into running directly in the path of another car. Everybody acquainted with the deaf know very well their loss of

hearing increases their faculties for sensing approaching danger; the compensation acquired through the co-operation of their senses has much to do with this. The eye of the mirror attached to the wind shield photographs any approaching objects quite a distance behind; any motorist could be seen before he was near enough to use the horn. Ordinary signals used in traffic, especially by sound, are rapidly disappearing, in the congested areas. A deaf motorist is shrewd enough to work out a scheme that does away with the cop's whistle or signals. In the "Windy City" there are several deaf motorists and their method of avoiding a misunderstanding of orders are variable. The most popular of these is to allow another motorist to pass and follow his car, letting the leader answer the signals. Among the deaf is one who has been driving a car for the past twenty years with a clean record, having in that time driven eleven different makes. However, it's impossible to escape a minor offense—getting "bawled out." Two of these have been brought to my attention by different drivers. One made a left turn at the wrong time and place, immediately the cop pounced upon him, giving him a severe tongue lashing without knowing he was deaf. The deaf driver never said a word, just nodded painfully until the cop ordered him to move on, not knowing he was wasting his vocabulary. The other incident came to another when moving on a congested boulevard four cars were in a solid front with a motorcycle cop leading. He was keeping well under the speed limit of 25 miles per hour and if any one passed him it was sure an arrest. The deaf motorist had the curb position, finding he was being crowded to the curb and rather than wreck his car he shot out in front, for a few spaces, the cop slid up ordering him to stop. His son happened to be with him and was ordered to explain to the cop why he was compelled to avoid being caught in a pocket. This he did, telling him his father was deaf and dumb. "Deaf and dumb," ejaculated the cop in surprise, "And driving a car?" Knowing he was cheated out of a chance to test his vocal cords, he hopped astride his "snorter" and was away with speed of a bullet. Moral—it's not "driving a car" but the chagrin on finding his victim deaf and dumb that gets the cop's goat.

—o—

Illinois' popular secretary of state, Mr. Lousie L. Emmer-son, who was re-elected with over a million plurality, says:

"With practically one car on the streets or highways for every six persons in the state, it is evident that great care must be exercised by drivers, or pedestrians must develop a higher degree of nimbleness. Obviously the burden of safety rests upon the operators of the motor vehicle. How best to impress this fact upon motor vehicle owners and drivers is a subject which has caused much worry in recent years. Many new regulations, I understand, are to be proposed to the present general assembly. The members of the legislature will be called upon to pass upon their reasonableness and probable efficiency. A conference on motor vehicle traffic held in Connecticut last April under the joint auspices of the state of Connecticut and Yale university, reached the conclusion that in attaching the problem of automobile accident prevention three general classes of people must be considered.

"The criminally irresponsible, reckless and heedless, relatively small in number, but exceedingly dangerous.

"Those earnestly striving to be careful.

"The great majority, constituting those who are ignorant or indifferent.

"The ignorant or the indifferent are not going to be in-

fluenced very much by new statutes unless they are made to realize the necessity for safety. No arbitrary and no amount of public regulation and supervision will remove the element of danger or overcome human failure in operation of high-powered vehicles. Constant alertness and caution are necessary, and these can best be secured by bringing home to every one the dangers incident to present highway traffic.

SOME SAFETY SHORTS SPRUNG FROM SOIL OF SUNNY CALIFORNIA

Before an auto turns turtle all the passengers should get out.

The number of a car should be 6699 and should be worn upside down.

For the benefit of the man behind, the thoughtful autoist will mix perfume with his gasoline.

It is considered very bad form for a man driving an auto to try to drive between the headlights of another car. This is liable to seriously damage the crank handle.

An address delivered to would-be journalists by Burges Johnson, assistant professor of English at Vassar college, to the students of Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University on "Earning a Living by the Pen," contains some valuable points in the following:

"Submerged ambitions of thousands who want to write make them easy prey for tricksters who profess to dispose of manuscripts for their clients. Beware of the publisher who advises you to have your articles published in book form—at great expense to yourself. He will see to it that he receives a good margin on the transaction. The first requisite for a salable manuscript is that it possess literary merit, otherwise effort is wasted in attempting to dispose it. Another important point is marketing your articles where there is a real demand for them—don't try to sell love verses to *World's Work*, or mystery stories to a magazine that obviously handles entirely different types of material. I used to believe that the difference between an amateur and a professional writer was that the amateur received one rejection and was through, while the professional did not call his work a failure until it had been returned by every publisher on a list of thirty or more names. That is a good comparison to remember. But now I classify the amateurs who write for the love of writing, no matter what fame they have attained, and the professionals or those who write to make money, whether they have talent or not. There are two classes of writing—creative and journalistic, the creative being a product of the imagination and the journalistic, stimulated by the repertorial instinct—and there is no definite standard by which they may be separated.

During my school days, some twenty years ago, my classmates understood it was very difficult to talk with me in the sign language. This belief was never more adhered to than a couple of months ago. My wife received a letter informing her our friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Hugh Gates, of Decatur, Ill., would spend the week end with us and it delighted us. I had never seen her after graduation and had most forgotten our pranks. Going direct to the train from work, having visions of being unable to recognize her, and expecting the same of her with her probably getting lost in the crowd. But happily each were able to recognize the other. After the usual greetings we started home via the elevated. In our conversation I noticed she still stuck to the that belief, unaware I had picked up some of the sign language, proceeding to use her right hand finger for a pencil and the palm of her left hand for a pad. Figuring out and writing names in "invisible" ink was something new to me, but it did not take long to see the joke.

A little story originated in the southernmost part of this state that bears out the sympathetic of the public towards the deaf. In a county bordering on the Ohio river there are inhabitants that thrive on their own resources. Their method of making a living are without any system, they just till whatever good patches of good soil available. Most all the land is high and hilly, sown here and there with myriads of rocks. This region is nicknamed "On the Bluffs," for most of it was formerly the "happy hunting grounds" of the Indians before the white settlers came across the Ohio river. Farms average sixty acres, each of which one-third is fit for cultivating. The balance is used for orchards and through the sale of fruit their clothing necessities are acquired, the product of the farms going to support the community until the next crop. This community has its schools, churches and opera houses, and maintains a good standard of education. They are very religious, with regular attendance at church and prayer meeting which occur on Wednesday evenings. Their method of compensation for their pastor is unique and unlike those of a well to do community. A minister has four churches to visit each month, being invited to partake of the family dinner, with a nice clean bed for the night. He traveled in a surry from some point of advantage, conveniently located, to his charges and returning the following night to his hamlet. He is not paid a fixed salary, as in the case of those of a prosperous community, but is given sufficient supplies to carry his family over the line of hunger. Vegetables and smoked ham, of which there is plenty, consists his dollars and cents salary. In swapping tongue for ham his fists are used for convincing his parishioners, in sledge hammer blows on the altar, the emphasis of the Scriptures.

There happens to be a revival meeting, once a year, going along among the Presbyterians, attended nightly by the entire rural population. Mingling with these is a little deaf boy, the only one in that community. He is a regular attendant at church though is unable to comprehend a word of the services, but his every act resembles those of one in full possession of his faculties. Sunday school classes are incomplete without his presence, and the minister never forgets to pat him on the back after the services. A new evangelist appeared at one of these revival meetings and happened to put up with the lad's parents. This was Rev. Benson, a traveling minister who had never made the acquaintance of a deaf person before. He took a keen interest in the lad, wishing him to profess faith in the Presbyterian church. He found out every thing concerning the lad's past, learning the cause of his affliction. Debating the subject seriously he came to the conclusion it would be an impossible feat. How could he convey the understanding to him that he was seeking communion under the Presbyterian church? He decided it would be a wise course to postpone any such intention until the boy had grown to manhood. But in the meantime he had thought the evangelist a great friend. On going to church on the final Sunday of the revival meeting, Rev. Benson relieved the regular minister and preached a vigorous sermon. The lad watched intently, studying his every move, gesticulations, and comparing them to the actions of the other whom he had known for years. This deceived the evangelist into thinking he was trying his best to grasp the words of the sermon and understand. In an outburst of religious enthusiasm he exclaimed radiantly, "Mr. Holcomb's little 'Billy' can hear after he gets to Heaven." Women parishioners giggled, the stern countenance of the men changed to a smile, all looking at the lad conveyed to him intuition of something being said about himself. The next day the hired man, with the old fashioned two-hand rural alphabet which is used to cheat the teacher at examinations, told him the meaning of it all. The lad just drowled out in his rough way, "He'll be def den 'ese dets dere."

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

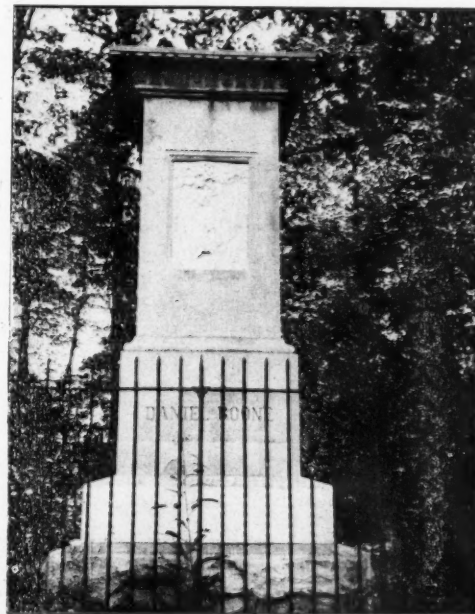


N the hundred odd years of her existence Kentucky has produced some of the nation's most famous men. As to who are the most famous of these, depends upon how you look at it. Young America will no doubt shout with one acclaim, Daniel Boone. That is if Kentucky can rightfully lay claim to this unusual personage, who though not born in Kentucky, there lived and died and opened up the state to the settlers who followed in his wake. Daniel Boone's body lies in the cemetery at the state capital, Frankfort, and looks down upon ever living waters of the Kentucky River.

Adult Americans will just as emphatically point to Abraham Lincoln as Kentucky's greatest son, for it was in Kentucky that Honest Abe was born. The house in which his parents were married, still stands, though not on the original site, and may be seen at Harrodsburg. The cabin in which he was born will be preserved as long as the nation endures in the magnificent memorial erected by the nation. Most Kentuckians will concur with the decision of the nation, for the majority of the state's inhabitants sided with the Union during the Civil War.

But draw near and let me whisper confidentially, that to a Kentuckian, the really greatest son of the state is Henry Clay. If you would be joined with the elect of the state, be classed with the holiest of the holies, and be admitted to the innermost sanctum of the upper social crust, the surest key is to proclaim and prove yourself a descendant of Henry Clay. A newcomer to the state having run up against one of Henry Clay's descendants, usually has this impressed upon him morning, noon, and night. A Henry Clay product apparently never tires of referring to the fact. The old Henry Clay home stands in the suburbs of Lexington. It is filled with relics of the great statesman's career and its inhabitants are direct descendants. Dwelling there in almost solitary grandeur, the thoughts of these descendants continually turn back their illustrious an-

cestor. It is not an appealing life to a westerner, whose vision is ever to the future, whose eyes are always on the pulsating life of young America, from the ranks of whom will be recruited the country's future Boones, and Lincolns, and Clays.



Daniel Boone, early settler of Kentucky and a heroic figure to young America, lies in a peaceful cemetery at the state capital, Frankfort. The monument which marks his grave depicts scenes of the struggles of Boone and his family to overcome the wilderness and placate the hostile Indians.



Home of Henry Clay at Lexington, Kentucky. This house is filled with relics of Clay and is occupied by his direct descendants. A great-grandson of the illustrious statesman is on the porch and so is the Argonaut.

In the village of Danville, there dwells perhaps Kentucky's greatest deaf son. Himself a direct descendant of Henry Clay, he would be famous even for but one thing. During the Argonaut's visit, he did not once refer to the matter, until the visitor casually brought up the subject. A good portrait of Henry Clay adorns the parlor wall, as would be befitting the home of any loyal descendant. It spoke for itself and that in Kentucky should be enough.

I refer to George W. McClure and to my mind, Henry Clay notwithstanding, the things Mr. McClure has the most to be proud of are his wife and his children, his position and his home. The McClure home is an imposing southern mansion, built before the war and for sometime occupied by people high up in government service. Mr. McClure and his wife have long been in the service of the Kentucky school as teachers and have guided the wavering footsteps of many of Kentucky's deaf children to stable manhood and sterling citizenship.

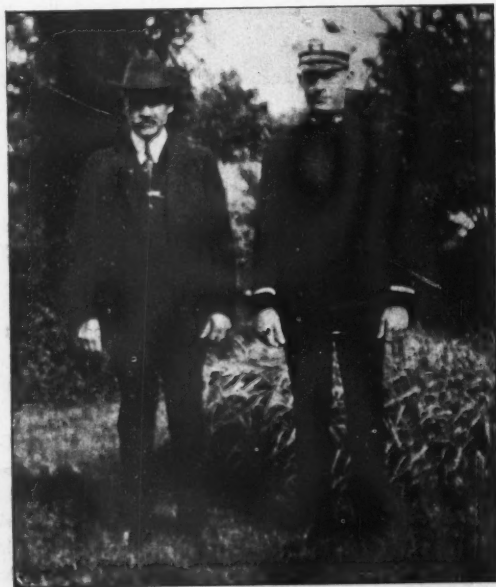
What they did for the deaf youth of the state, Mr. and Mrs.



Residence of George M. McClure, Danville, Kentucky. This stately southern home is even larger than the picture shows, having an L on the rear. It was built before the war and was once the home of a man high in government circles.

McClure have achieved for their own four children. William C. McClure, the eldest son, was until his death a year ago, superintendent of the Missouri School for the Deaf, a high position for so young a man, and one which gave promise of greater accomplishments, had not death cut short his career. Francis J. McClure, the second son, is a prominent business man of Kansas City. The youngest son, George M. McClure, Jr., is a strapping youngster, still in his teens. Last year he was captain of Center College's freshman football team, and this year made the varsity, the strongest football team in the south. He was high point man in the College Water Carnival last June and best of all is a good student in the class room. The fourth child of the family is Mrs. Elbert Gray Sutcliffe, a beautiful and charming woman, the wife of one of the two grandchildren of Judge Elbert Gary, head of the steel trust.

So George M. McClure can rest in his declining years at his beautiful Kentucky home and glance back upon the good work he has accomplished and glorify in the present attainments of his children, and look confidently ahead to the future with his devoted wife at his side. All honor to a deaf man who has lived straight, acted wisely, and performed his duties well.



George M. McClure and his eldest son the late Wm. McClure. This picture was taken at the time Wm. C. McClure was superintendent of the Missouri School for the Deaf.

Another distinguished son of Kentucky was James Ben Ali Haggin. J. B. Haggin was one of the early settlers of California, and it was here that he amassed a large part of his many millions of dollars, though Nevada, Montana, Mexico, and other sections of the continent were also large contributors to his wealth. While in California he devoted much of his time to the racing game and had stock farms covering tens of thousands of acres. Later he settled near Lexington, Kentucky, near the scenes of his boyhood days. Here he built a magnificent mansion. It is related of Haggin that in his later years he never gave anything away. A large platform had once been erected for political purposes and certain ladies interested in philanthropic affairs applied for the lumber as it was being torn down. Haggin would not listen to them and the entire pile of lumber was burned at his orders. The reason advanced by



George M. McClure, Jr., last of George M. McClure's children and biggest of them all. Way over six feet tall, George M. McClure is a Centre College athlete of note.

those who were close to him was that a certain colt which he had raised looked so unpromising that it was given to one of the negro stable employees by the trainer. The colt, however, improved with age. It was entered in several important races, which Haggin was extremely anxious to win, of course more for sentiment than for the money involved. The trainer who had given the negro the cast-off colt, apprised the latter of the situation and advised him to withdraw his entry. This the colored man not only refused to do, but in an important race, nosed out one of Haggin's crack thoroughbreds for first money. Haggin never forgot the incident, hence his obstinate refusal in the future to having anything in his possession, given away.

❖ ❖ ❖

A friend dropped in the other night and made the announcement that of the several hundred deaf men in this vicinity at least fifteen of twenty were making between \$200 and \$300 a month. I rather doubted the statement until we began checking the names off, when it became apparent that the statement was no wild guess. As union wages are standard and overtime allowances well known, there could not be any error in our figures. Indeed, we probably overlooked cases of individuals conducting their own businesses and others not under union rules. Evidently the best wages, as a rule, are paid in the printing and building trades. These are the old standbys that have been taught in the industrial departments of schools



Snapshot of the McClure family. Mr. and Mrs. George M. McClure in rear. In front, left to right—George M. McClure, Jr., Francis Jasper McClure, Mrs. Elbert Gary Sutcliffe, William Crooks McClure.



A later snapshot of the McClure family. Back row—George M. McClure, Jr., George M. McClure, Mrs. George M. McClure. In front—Mrs. Elbert Gary Sutcliffe, Francis Jasper McClure, Master Francis Jasper McClure, Jr.

for the deaf for decades. It is worth noting that whereas skilled workmen amongst the deaf are drawing excellent wages, there are many with no trades, who are glad to accept any kind of a job offered them, regardless of the sum involved. Two or three dollars a day looks big to some of the deaf who have been illy prepared to face the battle of life.

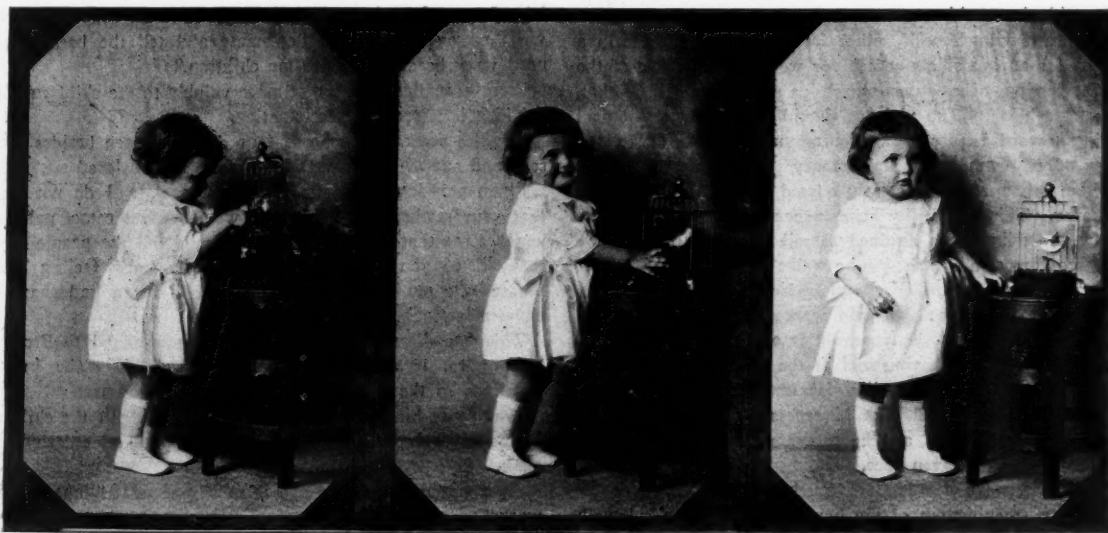
It seems to me from observation of the adult deaf that it would be well for schools for the deaf to buckle down to the hard, substantial fact that a skillful pair of hands directed to the accomplishment of a good trade is one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, asset that a deaf man can have. In common with the public schools we have to keep children under instruction until adolescence is passed. Long before that time is reached inherent instincts may make book learning distasteful to certain of the boys and girls, whereas their interest in arts and crafts, trades teaching, and domestic science may be proportionately on the increase. Then would be the

time to give these children what they most desire; returns to the state would be more gratifying and the child's future more nearly assured.

* * *

Looking over the list of successful wage earners amongst the deaf, revealed the fact that few of them were successful investors. Investment starts with thrift and thrift means doing without for the present that which you may desire in order that you may enjoy the same at some future date. This is a not inconsiderable sacrifice, which few of the deaf in common with their hearing brethren are inclined to make. Then, too, there is the fact that of those who do practice thrift, many are not qualified to invest their savings with any degree of safety. This is a point upon which our schools might well lay stress, but the subject is so remote from the experience of children that it is hard for them to comprehend, to say nothing of feeling any interest in the matter.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



Maybelle Frances, eighteen months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Quinn, of Grand Junction, Colorado. The father is a linotype operator; the mother a Gallaudet College graduate and former supervisor of girls at the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Madmen and Children

A comedy story by a SILENT WORKER writer. The film producer said: "We will not be able to use the story at this time." The reader, however, may appreciate it as space-filler in the pages of this magazine

*"There are the madmen and the children:
The madmen are my teachers;
The children are my friends.
I follow the madmen,
But I walk with the children
Into the land of light."*



UT of the fullness of his experience, Gurley Flynn thought it best to get off at the first tank house, which he did so with much squaring of his shoulders and stretching of his legs, as he had been on the "blinds" for fully ten hours.

It was near noon.

He took a leisurely survey of the town on the outskirts of which fate had thrown him as a creature of those far-flung enterprises known as American industrialism which had since given rise to the ancient and honorable order of Hobos.

He noted that the town was a thriving one as was evinced by the presence of numerous chimneys of factories. Work, therefore, was evidently abundant, but he knew that prosperity was ordinarily allied to orderliness, the latter being under the tutelage of law-officers whom he did not hate but with whom, for private reasons, he was not anxious to cultivate acquaintanceship.

Is the town hostile? He would find out if it is so. But he is hungry. He, therefore, has to look for a hand-out at a back-door somewhere.

His venture into the yard of the first home is hastily terminated by the appearance of a dog.

Search for hospitality at the next house is also unceremoniously repulsed.

At the third house, the "lump" handed out to him, is as Christian-like in quantity as the good woman's long tongue is magic-like in its exhortations against the sinfulness of hobo life; and, satisfied both spiritually and physically, Flynn goes on the street, with two notches unloosened in his belt and at peace with the world.

He debates with himself, either for a siesta somewhere in a field or for an immediate search for work. It is a rule of the ancient roving tribe—"stew-bums" as they are called—that, if a stomach is full, no violence should be done to its natural leaning toward leisurous functioning, unhampered by toil or worry. But Flynn needs stake-money. He despises work by itself but it happens to be closely related to a commodity known as money. This commodity being a necessity, he is willing to endure the tribulations attained to toil for a time—not more than five days at a stretch. So he walks into town.

At a lumber yard, his attention is gruffly called by the watchman to the sign: No help wanted.

At a machine shop, he ventured into the office but is dismissed by the gum-chewing girl at the counter.

Two more attempts are likewise unsuccessful. Such failures do not fill his soul with bitterness. They are mere incidents in a hobo's life, and he saunters along the street with a smile on his unshaven face.

A bell rings for dismissal of a school.

Children trooping out of the house gather on the sidewalk.

One venturesome child comes near being run over by an auto and is rescued by Flynn at the cost of a tumble for himself. He is unhurt and child is crying.

The owner of the auto—a pompous man—gets out in alarm and, finding the child is all right, is on point of rewarding Flynn with a \$5.00 note, but, on looking him over, concludes that one dollar is enough. A policeman seeing the crowd, comes in and arrests Flynn but, after listening to the story, charitably suggests that he had, at least, best, beat it.

Flynn crosses the street and walks on leisurely for two blocks. Suddenly he hears a voice at his side. It is Freckles who is saying: "I like you."

Flynn stops in surprise and smiles. He does not speak.

Freckles: "I seen you save Mary. She is my girl," pointing to a group of children who are approaching.

Flynn smiles but makes no answer.

Freckles: "What are you doing in town?"

Flynn: "Why, I am looking for work."

His quest for a job is largely in nature of a joke, but this time he is in earnest. He would not lie to a boy who likes him.

Freckles: "Papa is inspector in a car shop. Maybe, he can get a place for you if I tell him."

Flynn: "Maybe, yes, and maybe, not."

Freckles: "Papa likes brave men."

Flynn's face is wreathed in a smile. The children who were approaching, are now grouped around him. He looks blankly on them and then regards dreamily one vista of the street. Turning his head, he sees, a block off on the other side, a many-windowed factory with jutting chimneys of huge dimensions.

Flynn says at last: "There is a factory (pointing to it). In passive, I may try it."

Chorus of children: "May we go along with you?"

Flynn: "Sure, and I have an idea."

He takes the dollar out of his pocket and, holding it up, says: "I will divide this money among you if you will help me carry out the idea."

The children are noisy with joyful assent.

Flynn: "I will go in the office of that factory and ask for a job. I want five of you to go in with me to the counter. I will write on a paper like a deaf-mute and tell the boss that I need work because you are my children."

Freckles explained the plot more volubly to the children, and the idea is adopted by acclamation.

Freckles proceeds to choose four other children besides himself, and one of the number happens to be a colored tot.

Flynn pointing to the tot: "Hey, Chocolate, I do not deny that your mother is an adorable woman. But come, pals, do you not see that if I go in the office and tell the people there that all of you including Chocolate—no hard feeling here, please—are my children, I would fall in for a bad share of embarrassment? See?"

This fine discriminatory point has not occurred to Freckles before; so, now enlightened, he proceeds to make proper selections to the intense disappointment of the tot.

Leaning at his ease against a wall, Flynn drills the children in the several parts which they are to play on entering the office.

At a signal from him, one is to say aloud: "Papa has no work."

Another: "Mama is sick."

Another: "We are starving."

Another: "Papa is a good man."

Another: "Oh, be kind to us."

When the children are letter-perfect, Flynn leads them into the office, the tot still keeping up his lamentations because he has to stay out on the sidewalk with the other kids who are not chosen.

Marching up to the counter, Flynn writes on a pad: "I want work."

The clerk first speaks and, finding that Flynn is deaf, gruffly signs to him to go to another counter.

Pretending not to understand, Flynn refuses to stir and writes once more: "I want to see Supt."

The clerk waves his hands to say: "Impossible."

Flynn put his fingers to his ears and, pointing to the children, holds up five fingers to signify five children.

The whole office is tittering and presently is in an uproar when Flynn goes through the pantomime of being starved.

At last the clerk sees the Supt. Highly ruffled by the interruption, the big man thunders in to find out what the matter is.

Learning that Flynn is a deaf-mute in search of work, the superintendent turns in fury to go back to his office. Just then one child begins to sing out: "Papa has no work."

Then: "Mama is sick."

Then: "We are starving."

Then: "Papa is a good man."

Finally, when Mary, with soulful eyes, says: "Oh, be kind to us," the fists of the superintendent which are held high, fall. He calls in a foreman for consultation, and he tells Flynn in writing that work is utterly slack and that nothing can be done.

Thereupon, at a signal from Flynn, the children go through the program once more:

"Papa has no work."

"Mamma is sick."

"We are starving."

"Papa is a good man."

"Oh, be kind to us."

All the while, Flynn leans nonchalantly against the counter and goes through a pantomime which is to say: "What are you going to do about it?"

Softened by Mary's glances, the superintendent gives in and orders that Flynn be given work, even if a position has to be created for him.

Three days afterward, as he is looking into the interior of the shop from a window of his office, he rubs his eyes. There Flynn is talking with another employee like any person in full possession of his senses. An unspeakable impostor, he thinks. Then he, of a sudden, recollects that Flynn is the tramp who rescued the child when his auto nearly ran her down. He strikes his knee and, calling his club cronies to the window, tells the story.

The cronies declare that to save a child is common but that to obtain a job in so ingenious a manner is uncommon.

"Yes, I will keep the man," agrees the superintendent.

Flynn has his secret plan of taking French coufe as soon as he draws the first week's wages, as is his custom. However, he cannot shake off the haunting memory of Freckles' cheery "I like you." Moreover, he finds that the shop work is no longer something that is irksome and distasteful and, therefore, is to be shunned; he considers the town as fair a spot as any he has ever seen in his extensive wanderings; and, lastly, he is profoundly touched by the kindly ways of the children who would stop at the shop windows and wait for a glimpse of him so that they might smile at him and make encouraging signs to him—he, a worthless tramp of the way-side! In all his experience, he has never seen such touching attention! A clean-faced boy, he has run away from home, ridden truss rods through many states, worked through the probation from a "gay cat" to the honored position in the tribe as a "monikar,"

slept in railroad camps, known the riotous life in loggers' saloons, and gradually sank to the level of a hobo beggar whom true hobo laborers despise till he is enough of a hardened yegg to acknowledge that he has left behind him Bertillon measurements of himself in one or two places. What is the good of all that? he begins to ask himself. It is the kindness of the children—"our gang," as Flynn fondly calls them—who had a chastening effect on his all but submerged consciousness. Thus, with repentance at its leavening work in its wholesome way, he does not go away but stays on for weeks and then for months.

At the end of five months, as the whistle announces noon recess, he lingers outside of the gate to wait the coming of the children. His old-time easy-going, if not sneaky, appearance is gone, and he is standing forth as a fine specimen of American manhood. Even the policeman—the same one who once told him to beat it—looks on approvingly as he approaches; they are fast friends and shake hands, and he whirls his club enthusiastically as Flynn exposes his new badge with the word *Foreman* on it.

Then Flynn, pointing to the post-bill of a circus just arrived in town, announces that, in honor of the good fortune that has occurred to him in his promotion to formanship, he would treat the children, as well as their mothers, to a matinee at the circus.

He draws out a \$10.00 greenback and says to the dog: "Hey, doggie, do you think that you can go by yourself and buy tickets for me?"

The dog whirls and barks a joyous assent.

Flynn: "The post-bill says 50 cents admission. You understand, doggie, that you are to bring back 20 tickets, no more and no less?"

More barkings.

With the greenback in its mouth, the dog goes to the box office of the circus.

The story may go on, telling how the circus people are at first puzzled by the antics of the dog before the box, how the seller at last understands, how he tries to cheat the dog by giving a string of fifteen tickets, how the dog counts and barks his objections, how, when he is given an additional string of five tickets, those five tickets somehow fall out of his mouth as he runs back to Flynn.

When Flynn tells the dog that the number of tickets is wrong, the dog gets sick on the spot and darts out again in search of the missing tickets. The manner in which he dodges autos is a sight.

Well, the children have a glorious time at the circus, and it is good to see Flynn with little Chocolate in his arms, trying to teach it to give peanuts to the elephant without a grimace. The tradition is that Flynn becomes a partner in the factory and eventually Mayor of the town.

Wheat is today being produced in city factories, just as surely as it is produced on the farms.

This may seem a startling statement, but a moment's reflection will convince any one that it is a fact.

The mechanics employed in a tractor factory are indirectly producing wheat and other food products more effectively than if they were working on the farm lands of Kansas or Iowa. The tractor doubles or trebles the productivity of those who remain at farm work.

The same thing may be said of the farmer's auto truck, his reaper, thresher, and multiple plow.

The farms are today producing more food products than ever before in the history of the nation, notwithstanding that a smaller percentage of our population is directly engaged in farm work.—*Type Metal Magazine*.

ANGELEN OGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



SINCE coming to Los Angeles I have now and then met with mention of the late Thomas Widd, the pioneer missionary and Lay-reader to the Los Angeles deaf. Much has been written and published in books and newspapers about the California pioneers, the Franciscan Padres and the Missions; we are quite familiar with the history of the beginning of the Episcopal Church Mission for the Deaf in New York City, but little has been said about Thomas Widd, the deaf founder of the Los Angeles Mission to the Deaf, connected with St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, on South Olive Street. He came to Los Angeles in 1883 for his health, having spent nearly all his life in efforts to benefit the deaf in England and Canada, and had been the means of founding religious associations there, which had grown and prospered. Thus he was ready for his last mission when in 1886 the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet visited Los Angeles. The reverend gentleman held a meeting in St. Paul's Church, explaining his work among the deaf and urged Mr. Widd to start a mission in Los Angeles; this could not be carried out at once, but a few years later, on November thirteenth, 1889, there was formed the Los Angeles Association of the Deaf. The objects of the society were thus set forth (1), The holding of religious services in the sign language, (2), the social and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes, (3), assisting them to obtain employment at their trades, (4), visiting them in cases of sickness or trouble, (5), giving them advice and information when needed. The Guild Room of St. Paul's Church was secured for the meetings of the society, which filled a very real need in the lives of the pioneer deaf Angelenos. It furnished them with spiritual instruction and arranged their social recreations. Some of the first members of that Mission are still with us, and have seen the rise and fall of several clubs, the forming of the Congregational Mission to the Deaf, the



Left—Rev. Clarence E. Webb, in charge of the mission
Right—Henry A. Germer lay-reader of St. Paul's Episcopal
Mission to the Deaf Los Angeles, California.

founding of the Frat Division and The Los Angeles Silent Club, and lastly in keeping pace with the modern interest in athletics, of The Athletic Club of the Deaf. What a unique experience—to have been members of the original mission, and now to see the great numbers of the deaf who flock to club meetings. The present generation of the deaf is not religious in the sense as were the deaf of old times, due in large measure to automobiles and "movies" and other diversions.

My good friend Mr. Norman V. Lewis sometime ago loaned me a book entitled: "The Life and Writings of Thomas Widd," by Mr. Geary. In reading it I marvelled at the acquiring of an education by Mr. Widd, who had very little schooling and

was in a great measure self-taught; doing far better than many of our young deaf people of today, who are blessed by instruction by specially trained teachers and other unusual educational advantages. Mr. Widd's career is described in great minuteness in this book, some parts giving English life in a detail that reminds me of some of Charles Dickens' descriptions. The record of his life seems to me as worthy of preservation as those of the other pioneer deaf teachers, and I shall here attempt a brief synopsis of the book.

Thomas Widd was born on August 4, 1839, in the little town



The new St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral, 611 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California. A large Parish House at one side is not seen in the picture.

of Driffield, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, England, being the oldest of five children. Soon after he was four years of age he was sent to what was called an "Infant Seminary," which was presided over by an ancient and crippled lady, "who hobbled about the room with the aid of a crutch, which she also used judiciously to correct the little rascals who needed it." Between thirty and forty children attended the school, remaining from six to eight hours a day, and here little Thomas learned his "A, B, C," and to read the letters and some words. The author says that was "most fortunate for him," and my own view is that in that schoolroom he heard much more spoken language than he would have heard if kept at home, and this was treasured by his sub-conscious mind and was one reason he made such quick progress when finally sent to school.

When he was about five years old, the "seminary" was closed, on account of the death of the lady who conducted it, and he was free to amuse himself after his own fashion, and in later years recalled this as the most joyous period of his childhood. Such knowledge of music as he had was gained from the Highland pipers and their bagpipes, who occasionally visited the town, and marched through the streets playing their Highland airs and from wandering Italian organ grinders. The accident which caused the loss of his hearing happened during the winter following his fifth birthday. One day a good natured farmer, a neighbor, gave him a ride on his horse which he was leading to the smith's to be shod. The horse, smelling running water broke away from the man, trotted to the bank of the river and stooped its head to drink. This caused the little rider to slide over its head and fall into the swift current of the river which carried him down stream to the bridge. Here he was rescued by the blacksmith, who



Picnic of the Iowa-Nebraska Association of the Deaf of Southern California at Brookside Park, Pasadena, August, 1924

had seen the accident and ran to the rescue. "Snatched from the icy waters of the river little Thomas hurried home with chattering teeth, wailing voice and dripping garments to tell of his adventure. "This caused a long illness which robbed him of his hearing, although he did not realize this at once." For days and days his mother tried to make him understand something she wished him to know, and then as he repeatedly asked, "Mother, why don't you speak to me?" a slate was brought and held up before him on which was printed the sentence which he thereafter never forgot:

YOU ARE DEAF

About a year after his complete recovery, his father took him to a sort of preparatory school, but after a few weeks there, (although the master made conscientious efforts to instruct him, with slight success) the attempt to teach him with normal children was given up as useless. Passing over the description of the following years we at last find him, in September, 1852, a pupil at the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Doncaster. "After a few days trial in various classes he was placed in the third class, counting from the highest down. His teacher was Mr. Samuel Smith, who later became the Rev. Samuel Smith, A. R. C., Chaplain of the British Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, of London, England. He was a thoroughly conscientious and able teacher, who was beloved by his pupils and held their respect and attention. He was accomplished in the sign language, and under his careful instruction young Widd made rapid progress. He soon learned to read and write and to use the double handed alphabet which was then employed in all the manual institutions in Great Britain. At the end of six months he was transferred to the first or highest class, having passed over the second class. Here his teacher was Mr. Alexander Melville, who later became headmaster of the North Wales Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Llandoff. This gentleman also was an accomplished sign-maker and a careful teacher. Under him young Widd continued to make rapid progress, so that at the end of another year, having been at school but eighteen months, his father felt that he had been educated as thoroughly as need be and his school days came to an end.

These eighteen months at the Yorkshire Institution had wrought a marvelous change in the mind of young Widd. When he left home he was an unhappy little boy, unable to understand those about him or to make himself understood except as to his simplest want and then with difficulty. On his return he could read and write freely, and had, above all,

acquired a fondness for reading and study which brought about a complete transformation in his life."

After his return home Thomas was quite a hero to his family and friends. His father now made efforts to apprentice him to some trade, but first a tailor, then a shoemaker, then a carpenter all refused to take the deaf lad. After wandering around the town miserably for several months, Thomas found himself a humble job in a saw-mill, and was soon advanced to that of engine driver. His intervals of leisure he occupied in reading, and a considerable part of his wages was spent on books and newspapers, and his employer encouraged him by lending him books from his library. Gradually the engine-room became the rendezvous for the mill hands during the noon hour. They came to read his newspapers and to discuss the latest news of the Crimean war then raging with England and France on one side and Russia on the other. The engine-room was popularly known as "Dummy's Library." This was unknown to him till someone scribbled it on the outside of the engine-room door where he found it when he came to work one morning. He hated the title "dummy," and now spent considerable time vainly trying to find out who had written it. However, more important matters soon claimed his attention.

During the four years he spent in the mill, he had kept up a correspondence with his former teacher, the Rev. Samuel Smith, and with the Headmaster, Mr. Charles Baker, of the Yorkshire Institution, who made friendly inquiries as to his progress in life, loaned him books and gave advice. This finally led to an offer for his services as teacher at the Yorkshire Institution where he was also to take up the art of printing, and when qualified, become instructor in printing. The salary offered was only \$50.00 a year with board and room at the Institution, for a start, but Mr. Baker held out splendid prospect of advancement, and believing the position would give him greater opportunity for reading and self culture, young Widd accepted it. Thus on April 1, 1895, Thomas Widd re-entered the Yorkshire Institution as a teacher, being not quite twenty years old.

There were five other men teachers there, and in addition to their duties in the schoolroom they were at times required to assist in the printing office and bookbinding of the Institution which published school books for hearing children written by Mr. Baker. Mr. Widd spent three years there as teacher and instructor in printing. Early in 1862, several of the teachers were talking about emigrating to the colonies, which in those days was the usual way to better one's condition, and Mr. Widd and his deaf friend Mr. Hughes (who lived in Doncaster)

were also interested in the project. Mr. Widd and Mr. Hughes after long consideration and study of maps and pamphlets, etc., decided to emigrate to New Zealand. They made deposits with the agent of the sailing ship "Frenchman" which was to sail from the London docks in the Spring of 1862. However, the Headmaster would not pay their salaries, which were due a few days before the date of sailing. In vain they pleaded, but he would not give them a farthing, and the ship sailed without them and they forfeited their deposits. About a month later the newspapers were full of accounts of sea disasters, great storms prevailing about that time, and among the ship lost was the *Frenchman*, with all on board! The loss was placed at 159 lives. This had a sobering effect on the young men, and they ceased to read emigration literature; when Mr. Baker paid them, which he did long before the time he had named, they no longer had any desire to go so far away as New Zealand.

Mr. Widd resigned his position on the 2nd of July, 1862. Through his correspondence with the Rev. Samuel Smith and the British Association, he had been offered and accepted a proposition to become a missionary to the adult deaf for the district of Leeds. The World's Exposition of 1862 was then being held in London, and a cheap excursion from Doncaster and return tempted Mr. Widd and Mr. Hughes to visit the great city they had read so much about. Their tickets were good for only four days, but once in London the wonderful sights kept them there two weeks longer. While there they called on the Rev. Samuel Smith, and M. Melville who was on his way to Wales dropped in too. The two young men had a splendid time in London, but were compelled at last by the ebb of their funds to return to Doncaster.

After a brief visit to his home at Driffield, Mr. Widd went to Leeds, and then was sent to Sheffield, where his work was begun under the most peculiar circumstances. The Society at Leeds made no provision for his support or to defray the expense of organizing the Sheffield branch. He was merely given authority to go there and do the work with the sanction of the Leeds Society. He must do all the work, keep himself and pay all expenses as best he could, and he had succeeded in fully organizing a congregation, he would receive a salary. Some idea of the difficulties he encountered is shown by this extract: "There were sixty or seventy mutes in the city and vicinity. Quite a large number of them assembled at a low beer saloon, wasting their money and impoverishing themselves and their families. Mr. Widd began his work by holding open air meetings opposite this saloon, preaching in signs to the crowd of mutes who gathered around him. Soon several of the mutes deserted the saloon to attend his meetings which begun to attract crowds of curious people. Some of the hard drinking mutes resented his holding meetings opposite the saloon and burst roughly through the crowd, creating disturbance which the police had to quell. Ordered by the police to "Move on," he had to find some other place for the meetings and this was difficult to do with no money available. He would have had to give up the work had it not been for a deaf-mute, Mr. Askew, a file hardener, who determined to aid him as far as his wages would permit. Together they rented a small house in which to live and hold meetings. Mr. Widd did the cooking and housework for both and prepared for the meetings. He called on the deaf people at their homes and invited them to attend the Sunday services. The attendance grew steadily until nearly all of the deaf population of Sheffield came regularly. But funds began to run low. Mr. Askew had less and less work because the Civil War in America greatly reduced the demand for the Sheffield products. Many men were idle, others had only a little work. Economize as they would, there were days when they had no dinner and only a scant breakfast or

supper. Their cupboard having no door to conceal its contents, the assembled mutes, had a full view of their larder and knew that it was short commons with their missionary. Their kind hearts were touched and they would send a part of their scant meal or invite Mr. Widd and Mr. Askew to eat with them at their homes. Those who had it, left a small sum of money on the table before leaving the room at the end of a meeting. But something better must be arranged or they could not live and continue their work."

At this time Mr. Widd enlisted the help of the deaf in making collections among relatives and friends, and was able to interest the Mayor of Sheffield and other hearing people. When he left Sheffield in March, 1863, the Mission was well established. It was during his stay in Sheffield that he met Miss Margaret Fitzakerly, who later became his wife. Of the years of struggle which followed, we will have to pass over with only a brief mention. They were spent mostly as a compositor in London, Driffield, and Whitehaven. In 1867, he was working for the City Press Company in London, one of whose publications was a paper called "Old Jonathan." He admired the style of many of its articles and wrote some articles which he showed the proprietor, who accepted and published them. That summer the printers went on strike and he was once more out of work. Months of idleness followed, for despite all his efforts he could not secure a permanent place. His wife's father had gone to Canada while they were living at Whitehaven, and now his thoughts once more turned to the colonies, only this time, instead of New Zealand, he dreamed of Canada. On September 19, 1867, he and his wife and baby left London for Quebec in the sailing steamer *Hibernien*. Their long journey by ship, railway and stage, ended at last at Ainsleyville, the home of Mrs. Widd's father, Timothy Fitzakerly. After a few days spent on the farm, Mr. Widd started out to find employment in the cities. His efforts to secure work as a compositor in Toronto met with failure, and from there he went to Hamilton. Here he made a visit to the Ontario Institution for Deaf-Mutes and was kindly received by Mr. J. B. McGann, the Principal. Mr. McGann helped Mr. Widd to secure a position as compositor on the *Hamilton Daily Spectator*, and promised to employ him as a teacher as soon as the government should make provision for the accommodation of more pupils, making it possible to employ an additional teacher. During this period Mr. McGann organized a Sunday-School class which Mr. Widd conducted, and he hoped to continue this work after he should become a teacher in the Institution.

After awhile finding that the night work in the printing office was having an injurious effect on his health, he reluctantly quit work on the *Spectator*. For several months he traveled through the lower part of Ontario selling M. McGann's book on the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, earning far more than he did at his case as a printer. Having exhausted that field, in January, 1868, he went to Montreal, where he secured work on the *Montreal Witness*, owned and edited by Mr. John Dougall. He became greatly interested in Mr. Widd, and finding he had ability as a writer, encouraged him to write. He also employed him as assistant editor and allowed him to write articles to awaken public sentiment in the establishment of a school for the Protestant deaf-mutes of the province. As we shall see later this school was established and Mr. Widd wrote a history of it, which was published in a small volume (in 1880, by F. E. Grafton, Montreal) entitled "The Deaf and Dumb, and Blind Deaf-Mutes."

Perhaps I have devoted too much space to the earlier years of this remarkable man, but after all they were an unconscious preparation for his great achievement; the founding of a small school for the deaf, which is now the well known Mackay In-

stitution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes of Montreal. It would take too long here to tell all of the work and struggles of Mr. Widd, which resulted in enlisting the aid of benevolent Protestants of Montreal, who were formed into a Committee, under whose auspices the little school opened its doors on September 15th, 1870, with sixteen pupils. Mr. Widd was appointed Principal and his wife matron, and their numerous duties kept them busy from early morning till late at night. The school at first had very little legislative aid, having to depend for support on public subscription and charity. Matters became worse in 1876, when the school was without funds and much in debt. To use Mr. Widd's own words: "While we were trying to make both ends meet, in the time of our anxiety God raised up a friend to help us in the very way we wished—that is, to extend our efforts by means of a larger building—and put it into the heart of an old respected fellow-citizen, Joseph Mackay, Esq., to give us a splendid piece of land, and to erect thereon at his own expense a stone building capable of accommodating eighty pupils and their teachers." Mr. Widd was Principal and Superintendent of this school fourteen years and the strenuous work at last told on his health. In September, 1883, he was obliged to ask for a leave of absence for six months, and subsequently resigned his position for the same cause. When he left Canada the Mackay Institution was in a flourishing condition.

Mr. William J. Hughes, the old-time friend of Mr. Widd, came to Montreal in the Spring of 1883, and after being employed awhile in the passenger station of the Grand Trunk Railway, had gone to Southern California. He wrote such favorable accounts of the climate and people that Mr. Widd decided to move there. He then disposed of all his property in Montreal and, with his wife and four children, three boys and a little girl, made the long trip to Los Angeles. For a few months he devoted himself to the task of finding a permanent location for his home, and finally purchased ten acres of land on what is now Vermont Avenue (a very busy street) extending from 22nd street to 24th street. Here he built his house and beautified the place with shrubbery, palm and fruit trees and flowers, and it was not long before his house among the orange trees on Vermont Avenue came to be a popular place among the silent people. There now ensued a period of comparative rest in his busy life.

The founding of the Los Angeles Mission has already been recounted, we come now to the closing chapter of his eventful and useful life. Thomas Widd's health began to fail after passing his 67th birthday, and he died quite suddenly on December 5th, 1906, from an attack of rheumatism of the heart. From the tributes of appreciation expressed at his funeral and newspaper accounts, we learn that the deaf people displayed great sorrow over the loss of their lay-reader, and that he was one of the well-known men of the city. He had come into contact with many of the clergy and prominent men of Los Angeles during his seventeen years of active work for the deaf. He had often received their help and co-operation, and they were generous in tributes of appreciation of the rare character, ability, and earnest Christian life of Thomas Widd.

AGE UNCERTAIN

Mrs. Bing—"Oh, I wish these recipes would be more definite."

Mr. Bing—"What's the difficulty, my dear?"

Mrs. Bing—"This one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it does not say how old the potatoes must be."

Medically Speaking—"Some of the good people who dine here," said the hotel manager sadly, "seem to think that spoons are a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals—Tips."

A Hard Life

BY HAFFORD D. HETZLER.

My life is but a dreary thing—
Most of my joys have taken wing,
The rest are disappearing.
I walk around with drooping head,
And often wish that I were dead
Now that I've lost my hearing.

The purling brooklet's murmuring,
The gentle sounds of growing things
Remain for other people.
And I'll forget, when I am old,
Just what it was the sexton tolled
The church-bell in the steeple.

No longer does the lowing kine
Beguile my ear, and charm my eyne
And elevate my spirit.
I've longed for many weary years
To hear the music of the spheres,
And now I cannot hear it.

The dumb-bell's music will not be,
By any stretch of mind, for me,
Though it was most endearing.
I move about misunderstood—
How can I tell the soup is good
Since I have lost my hearing?

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 10, 1924.

SAT UPON

Dad—"Stella, who sat on the newly painted bench in the garden?"

Stella—"Harold and I."

"Well, you must have ruined your clothes, both of you."

"Not both—only Harold's."

Judge—"Did you or did you not strike this woman?"

Landlord—"Your honor, I only remarked that the wall-paper in her apartment bore finger-prints."

Judge—"Two years for knocking her flat. Next case."

COULD DESCRIBE A CATERPILLAR

"Who can describe a caterpillar?" asked the teacher.

"I can, teacher," shouted Jimmy.

"Well, Jimmy, what it is?"

"An upholstered worm."

USEFUL BOOK FOR THE ADULT DEAF

ENGLISH PHRASES AND IDIOMS
written by Dr. J. L. Smith, a deaf man and head teacher in the School for the Deaf, Faribault, Minn., and published by the Ohio School. It is in a sense a self educator in language. Price \$1.50. By mail post paid. \$1.60. The book will be sent on receipt of this amount.

Columbus, Ohio.

Address, State School for the Deaf.

My Work With the Army During the Great War 1914-1920

Feeding the Army

By J. O. P. FLETCHER

IN RESPONSE to many enquiries regarding my occupation during the War, and whether I was doing work of national importance in connection therewith, I beg to seize this opportunity of enlightening my many friends (intimate or otherwise) by giving them the following brief account of the duties upon which I was engaged.

I might mention that I was ineligible for service in His Majesty's Force, owing to my affliction from early childhood, i.e. "Omet Deaf," but despite this calamity, I did my best for my king and country in guarding its interests in connection with the rationing of troops and horses at one of the large military centres at home.

My duties consisted of clerical work in connection with the issuing of rations by the supply Branch of the Royal Army Service Corps, to all the troops and horses in the district. At the time I am speaking of it included many out-laying stations, and also the staff and patients of numerous hospitals and prisoners of war.

Before the outbreak of war, I was employed by a London Ecclesiastical firm where I was engaged for 18 months, and when the orders for Church people were cancelled they reduced the staff. I volunteered to help the Army, because I had the military spirit which was my ambition that I should be a soldier like my grandfather and father who had been an officer in the A. S. C. I was the first sent to the Forage Department, to take up the duty issuing the forage, viz—oats, bran, hay, straw, etc., to the troops. When the superior officer arrived and saw me doing this work, he thought that, owing to my deafness, it would not be safe for me to remain, as if a sentry had challenged me, I should not have been able to hear him. The barn was a very important place and was strictly guarded against anyone who would be likely to set fire to the same. In consequence, I was moved and set to the Bakery Department, to take up the night duty of checking loaves of bread baked during that time. The work was taken up by a contractor by whom I was not employed, but was acting as a representative for the Army to check the contractor's returns before submission to the military authorities. The tons of flour in bags were stored aloft; each bag was emptied into the large kneading machines, which was filled with water and some yeast to mix with for making with dough. Each baker carried an armful of dough into the large troughs, which was left there till the flour raised up and overflowed, and then each baker bounced it down, rolled it upon the table; weighed dough and rolled it into a 2-lb loaf. There were 4 large ovens; each had 140 loaves, and when they are baked, each baker put 10 loaves on each board, that I marked one by one while they were carried into the

store-rooms and put them in countless racks to cool. There were 10,000 to 15,000 loaves baked during the night. This was the first time in my life that I slept during the daylight. I was not working as a baker, only optionally helped them making bread; but the fact is that it is not easy to make the perfect shape of a loaf! I was then transferred to a store-room, where I was in charge of issuing bread to Regimental Units every morning. If one demands, say, 400 lbs. of bread, the issue of 200 loaves was made, and after being counted the N. C. O. in charge of a wagon signed in the book for same quality as a receipt. I was engaged in this department for six weeks, when I was transferred to the Railway Goods yard as a checker. My duty consisted of checking various stores from each railway truck. The military

authority sent the fatigue party down to the yard to unload the trucks. The transport was carried out by a contractor I was working for on behalf of the Army. Each bag, box or tuss of hay and straw, case, etc., was checked one by one till the wagon was fully loaded, I handled over the slip to the drivers showing number of goods, the time, and number of his wagon, and despatched to the military short-age departments and when the loaded wagon arrived the Q. M. S. in charge of one of the mentioned places checked goods, after being delivered in his presence, and confirmed the slip corrected and returned it to me. I was doing such work for one month and it was a monotonous job to look after the goods from the Railway Company's trucks. If any shortage or a bad condition was found, I had to take the number of truck and send the complaint to the station-master, and to the place where the goods were originally despatched. It



J. O. P. FLETCHER

was very cold when I was performing these duties, raining and snowing, and my feet were very numbed in consequence.

When there was a serious shortage of clerks, I was transferred to the head office early in January, 1915. I had never had any experience in clerical life previously, but I took the pains to study the routine work and overcame it with a good deal of knowledge in three weeks. The work I did was of a very responsible and intricate nature, and involved a great deal of book-keeping, accuracy and quickness at figures, also the careful entering into the various books of all the supplies required by the Units and hospitals, etc. When one considers that there were 35,000 men and 5000 horses the clerical work entailed in dealing with the issue of rations for so large a number of troops was, by no means, a light task.

Each unit furnished an indent for rations daily. Showing the number of rations required, and I calculated the quanti-

ties of the various commodities according to the authorized scale of rations in force at that particular time.

The work demanded careful attention and accuracy, in order to avoid mistakes, and one cannot imagine the amount of work involved, and the amount of thought it entailed, together with the endless calculation, since the amounts of food handled was so great.

At the close of each month all the issues were checked by a responsible officer, and a monthly statement prepared and sent to the Army Auditor's Department. This statement showed the total number of rations, and the quantity of each commodity issued to the various units during the particular period to which it bore reference. There were different scales of rations in force for issue to hospitals, prisoners of war, men and women of the Q. M. A. A. C., etc.

The superior officers had the greatest confidence in me and considered me very reliable and painstaking with my work.

During one of the months preceding the signing of the Armistice the following rations were issued:

Bread 850,000 lbs. Bacon 120,000 lbs. Tea 22,000 lbs. Meat 320,000 lbs. Sugar 100,000 lbs. Salt 20,000 lbs., and includes sausages and rabbits, together with many other commodities which are issued exclusively to hospitals tending the sick and wounded, personnel of the British and Colonial Forces.

My task of checking such immense quantities of rations was no light one.

The clerical establishment was up to date, as far as could be possible under war conditions, as a complete record of every soldier rationed from the time of his arrival until the time of his departure, was kept on forms that had to be filled up in order to achieve efficiency and accuracy.

There was a huge shed which covered a large expanse of land and this was known as the "Central Supply Depot," from which food was dispatched daily in vast quantities to troops who were fighting abroad, and for those training in Camps in different parts of England. Shed after shed filled with produce of different kinds, innumerable wagons came and went, soldiers everywhere and everyone was hard at work day and night on this work of loading wagons with food for the troops. It was a wonderful place and the organization was perfect. A retailer orders goods in a small way, but here things were dealt with by the ton or the truck load as the case may be.

The sheds were full of sacks and cases of various commodities reaching almost to the roof and all arranged in huge stacks; each stack had a label recording the exact number of sacks and cases received, dispatched and the total remaining. These "check sheets" were carefully checked every day; millions of sacks, and cases passed through these sheds, river, road and rail being utilized to convey food to our troops. Though every part of the place was wonderful, special interest centered round the section where rations were being packed for immediate dispatch to the Front. The cases were stencilled "25 Iron Rations" and carted away for transport. Thus every case contained one day's rations for 25 men, and a bag in which each man could place and carry his own share, so that when a lorry arrived in the Firing Line, and food was required for, say, 250 men, 10 cases would be deposited, and the thing was always done without fuss or bother, it was a fine system amazingly carried out to the letter.

At the Front our gallant R. A. M. C. men saved many wounded soldiers, but could not deal with the supply of food with which to feed them, for it is for the R. A. S. C. to find the contractors from whom the supply of food is obtained for the Army, and is also responsible for the distributor.

From the Branch Supply Depot the R. A. S. C. Companies attached to the Brigades at the Front, daily drew their sup-

plies by means of a convoy of motor lorries belonging to the mechanical transport section.

The transport wagons on a winding road gave an idea of the vastness of the organization which furnished the troops in the field with their food and forage for their horses. Under ordinary conditions the regimental and battery wagons drew from these lorries the ration for distribution among officers and men daily. The R. A. S. C. attended to the troops' rations up to the time of the regimental and battery wagons taking them over from them. The "Wagon Corps" R. A. S. C. was one of the principal factors in the great struggle.

The country thanked the officers, N. C. O. S. and men, of the Royal Army Service Corps, for their most valuable and splendid work done during the activities in helping the fighting men to the goal of glorious victory by feeding them, which was quite as important as issuing ammunitions, as was discovered by Napoleon the Great when he said "An Army marches on its stomach."

During my time I had the pleasant work to check an estimate of 50,000,000 rations issued to the troops.

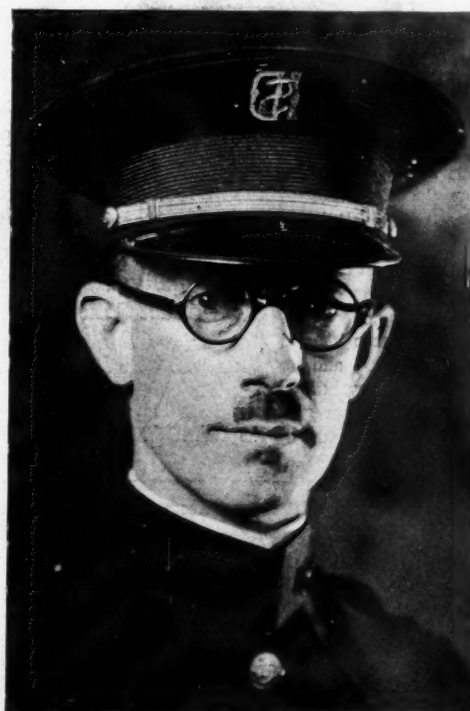
It is a great consolation to me to know that, although rejected for active service, I did all in my power to help to win the War, and at least was the means of releasing a fit man for service overseas, "Whither I could not wander."

DEAF-MUTE A GOOD DRIVER

A trial in a London (England) court revealed that Charles Edwards, deaf and dumb, has been driving an automobile for four years thru the most congested part of the city.

He was on trial for striking a man, his wife and son. It was the first automobile accident for the deaf and dumb man in four years. Once or twice when "balled out" by a traffic cop, he escaped arrest by nodding his head at the officer's loud talk.

Although his record was better than that of many men with all their senses, the deaf and dumb man will be prohibited from driving in the future.



BANDMASTER FANCHER of the Illinois School for the Deaf

N. A. D. Convention

1926 Washington 1926

THE PLACE—WASHINGTON.

THE TIME—August, 1926. (Exact dates to be announced later)

THE EVENT—Fifteenth Triennial Convention of the N. A. D. The Greatest gathering of the Deaf.



WITH the above announcement, we fire our opening broadside of Publicity for the Washington Convention. At the same time, we set in motion our campaign to bring you and your pals, and the Missus and the kids here to beautiful Washington—first, that you may enjoy yourself—next, that you may help to make real our above prediction of the *greatest gathering of the Deaf*.

Prexy Roberts, the lil Giant of the N. A. D., has, in his wisdom (?), selected us to fill the heavy role of P. T. Barnum and do the speling for the big show. Why we have thus been singled out is a profound and unfathomable mystery. Doubtless little Napoleon of the N. A. D., harboring the popular delusion that a clergyman has nothing to do between Sundays, other than to twiddle his thumbs, and, at suitable intervals, pin a napkin to his vest and warble that plaintive little domestic ballad, entitled, "When do we eat?", has decided to make things exciting for us from now on. However that may be, he has certainly started something. We have accepted the assignment. We are in it up to the neck. We are going to ride the elephant and bang the old brass drum, and pound the steam calliope and blow the saxophone and do such other little publicity stunts as may fall to our portion. Month by month, as we warm up to the job, we are going to make the old welkin ring, and foxtrot, if necessary, to pound home to you, our gentle readers, that you will miss the best bet ever, if you pass up the WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

Now that the old band wagon has commenced to rumble forward, let us present a letter of welcome from the Washington Chamber of Commerce:

Washington, D. C.,
Feb. 15, 1925.

To the National Association of the Deaf
Gentlemen:—

The Washington Chamber of Commerce takes great pleasure in welcoming to Washington the 1926 Convention of your organization.

Washington is the foremost Convention City of the country. All National organizations look forward to holding their con-

ventions in our city, for the reason that it is the city of all others which every American citizen desires to visit. This is the National Capitol. It is America's own city. There are more things of interest to the convention delegates and visitors in Washington than in any city.

Hotel accomodations in Washington for convention purposes are surprised by any city in the country. There is just being opened, in Washington, a splendid addition to our hotel facilities, namely, the Mayflower Hotel, which is one of the largest in the country.

We shall be pleased to assist your organization in the selection of its headquarters hotel, and in making other arrangements for your comfort and convenience, if desired.

The many and varied attractions of Washington should make it the most desirable meeting place your organization has ever had.

Assuring you again of our pleasure in learning that you have selected Washington as the meeting place for your Convention in 1926, and proffering every assistance we can render,

Very truly yours,
JAMES A. LLOYD, Pres.
A. E. SEYMOUR, Sec.

The forgoing letter speaks for itself. It is an invitation to YOU—and YOU—and YOU. The Washington Chamber of Commerce is composed of business and professional men and high government officials. It is the most influential organization in the National Capitol. It invites you

to beautiful Washington, and promises to make you sojourn in the Capitol City ENJOYABLE. Could a more cordial invitation be desired?

To the above invitation of the Chamber of Commerce, we add the heartfelt welcome of Washington's deaf residents. We want you, and your best girl, and your missus, and your cross-eyed cousin, and your cook and your hired man and your flivver. We want the Deaf from everywhere. You will find our gates open and our doors ajar. You will find the hearts right hand of friendship waiting to grip your fin, and the other hand waiting to pound you on the back and assure you that you are thrice welcome. We will be prepared to show you what the word HOSPITALITY means, and we are going to do it "noble."

Do you get the drift? Does the idea commence to filter in?

If not, write us, and we will repeat it in Choctaw,—in Yiddish, if necessary—that we may drive home to you the refrain we have above but feebly warbled,—that Washington WANTS YOU,—as many of you as we can get. The more, the merrier.

The Washington Convention will have the co-operation and heartening support of every organization of the Deaf in the National Capitol.—The N. A. D., The Gallaudet College Alumni Association, The National Capitol Literary Society, The Long Branch, N. A. D., The Church Organization. The Deaf of Washington present a solid front, and will work together for your entertainment.

It is important to note at the outset that Washington does not purpose to ape recent convention cities and enter the mad race for financial prestige. Washington does not aspire to the rather doubtful "glory" of having raised the largest convention fund. Washington does not believe it is any part of its duty as host to the N. A. D. to raise an enormous entertainment fund, with the implied impoverishment of its people, and the humiliation of passing around the hat among hearing business men. Washington does not believe its guests will be paupers, or that they will wish to be treated as such. Washington DOES believe in the dignity and self-respect of the Deaf everywhere, and is well-assured that they are able and altogether willing to pay their own way. Therefore Washington does not promise to raise four million, or four thousands, or forty cents for entertainment.

BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, Washington will do all in its power to make its guests feel at home and their sojourn here enjoyable. Every possible preparation will be made for the comfort and well-being of our visitors. Suitable entertainment will be provided for all and for every minute of every day while the Convention lasts. We have pledged our time and our best efforts to the fulfilment of this promise, and to this pledge we will be true. Could anything be fairer?

As a matter of fact, most of the entertainment will be absolutely free. Due to its exceptional advantages as the Capitol City of the nation Washington can offer many unusual features in the way of entertainment. For instance, the great Departments and Laboratories of the United States Government—The Capitol—The Library of Congress—The Smithsonian and National Museums—The Volta Bureau—The Corcoran and Freer Art Galleries—The Zoological and Rock Creek Parks—The Bathing Beaches—The great public monuments, such as the Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument—Gallaudet College, the only College for the Deaf in the world—The National Cemetery at Arlington, resting place of our Heroes and of the Unknown Soldier—The National Cathedral, containing the tomb of Woodrow Wilson—The White House and a few of the things to be seen and experienced in wonderful Washington,—all, for the cost of not a single penny, and no tips accepted.

Let us now present the big guns of the Local Committee:

WINFIELD E. MARSHALL—Chairman
WILBERT P. SOUDER—Secretary
ROY J. STEWART—Treasurer
HARLEY D. DRAKE—Program

All of the above are well-known to the Deaf at large. They are gents of ability, and of hustling proclivities who are not in the habit of letting grass sprout beneath their feet. In fact, it would not be stretching the point to say that they are getters of the first water. In our next publicity plunge we will present their mugs, fac-simile and as natural as life, accompanied by appropriate biographical sketches. They will be duly bertillioned and catalogued and pasted upon the wall, so all and sundry may admire them and say they knew 'em when they were young and guileless and handsome, like us.

Meanwhile, we want all our readers and their friends and and their 'friends' friends to make up their minds to visit Washington the Glorious in 1926. This, not alone because we want to see them, but that each and everyone may say,

after it is all over, as the years come and go, and the Washington Convention has become history,—“I, also, was there.” We promise you that it will be the biggest, finest and jolliest gathering of the Deaf ever held, and that you will experience a royal good time, sans compare.

Make no bones about it. We want every mothers' son and daughter of you, from every state in the Land of the Free, from Canada, from Mexico, from Siam, from Timbuctoo,—from wherever you may happen to reside. We want you all, and we are going to make things interesting for you. This is not a mere promise, but a fact.

So get ready to come to Washington. Commence to set your house in order. Get married, and bring HER along. Save your coppers. Tell your Boss to arrange for your vacation in August. Train your corn and spuds to take care of themselves while you are away. Then hop the “20th Century,” “The Capitol Limited,” The Orange Blossom Special,” or the Podunk Local, and amble on to Washington.

And now, lest you forget, stick out your left cuff and photograph upon it the following cabalistic marks:

N. A. D.
WASHINGTON
1926

HENRY J. PULVER,
Publicity Agent.
Washington Local Committee.

THEY MADE A WRONG GUESS

The kindergarten had been studying the wind all week—its power, effects, etc.—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, the kindergartner said in her most enthusiastic manner: “Children, as I came to school today in the trolley car, the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?”

And the children joyfully answered, “The conductor!”



GEORGETTE DU SAULCEY

A Last year graduate of St. Joseph's School, New York City

THE SILENT WORKER INANITIES

By JAMES F. BRADY

An Attempt at Philology



WHEN a foreigner begins to speak in English after staying here awhile and hearing others talk he makes quaint blunders in spelling, grammar and pronunciation. It is not surprising considering that he has difficulty in translating his thoughts from his native language into ours and not till he masters English through reading can he be able to spell right which they do. Now, why does an "average" deaf-mute persist in murdering the "King's English," with newspapers, magazines and books to be found on every hand?

The teachers cannot be held responsible. For ten or twelve years they persistently try to instruct the pupils in the rudiments of language. Do we not remember how we were guided when little, over the rocky road of spelling names of ordinary things and later on to put in sequence in the form of three-word sentences and after a lapse of years in the higher grades to study grammar? Did they not have us read books and write compositions? Did they not patiently correct our work and explain why we erred? Did we not have chapel exercise and blackboard work where things were explained to us in the most elementary language? After all that time, even if he were born deaf, one should be able to express himself clearly on the most ordinary subject. But he does not. Whose fault is it?

Some blame the sign language, and among them are educators of many years experience. That is why they favor the elimination of our "weed language." And they declare that it belongs to the stone age, which if we know about it, means uncouth, wild, uncivilized, brutal. That is a rather strong term, even if used in the sense of a smile.

I have been interested in the subject which is open to argument and capable of demonstration—"Quod Erat Demonstrandum" of our school days. There are three schools in Pennsylvania whose graduates living in Philadelphia and vicinity I am acquainted with. One set was taught orally in school-rooms and they used signs outside—the signs handed down from Messrs. Gallaudet, Clerc, Booth, Walker, Crouter, Koehler, Zeigler—that is to say sign language in its purity and clearness. It must not be assumed that the pupils could sign as the masters; on the contrary, many new ones adapted to the times were augmented and, worse still, they signed and spoke at the same time—an evil that persists to this day. Another set was taught orally and signs were forbidden anywhere, but nevertheless the pupils used signs of their own invention which none else but those people can understand. The third class comprises those who came from a "pure oral" school where signs are not indulged in at all.

According to some people's way of thinking, the graduates of the simon pure-oral school speak better and read the lips easier and as a natural corollary use better English through practice. Granted that they are better at speech and lip reading, is it true that they have better command of our language?

Q. E. D.—We are aware of the blunders a born-deaf person makes in his writings and they have ceased to amuse us unless they are real good "bulls." There is apparently no method that will help him. Nature seems to hold the secret, but still people persist in saying that the evil is to be found in signs. Have they ever talked with or received communications from those born deaf who do not use signs? If they have, do they see any difference? If not, can they explain why such a young man in asking our foreman for a position

wrote: "Have you a work for me? If you do I will work you faithfully...." Another one wrote to me: "I hear about lodge deaf in Philadelphia. I would like to be a member but now deaf people understand me they talk fast with hands...." I could have a list of quaint expressions, but why should I go through with it when most of you see evidences of it any day?

Do not blame the schools, the teachers, the sign language or the offenders. Have we not often met with a hearing person who linguistically could pass for a deaf-mute? Rather, let us suspect it is heredity and natural inability to do any better that is the root of the trouble.

Banquets

I do not know anything about most of the schools for the deaf, least of all did I ever know there was one way out in North Dakota till I received a copy of the school paper, and I will tell the world that it is one of the neatest pieces of printing, editing and make-up I have seen in a long while. And they have a linotype! In Mr. Driggs they have a sane Superintendent who apportions the pupils into three classes; signs, oral and aural—the Combined method, in short. We all know that it is the best one and regret that all other school officials do not agree—to the loose of the scholars.

From Our Friends Save Us

Some deaf people feel the urge to write to their newspapers about us, explaining our status and abilities, so that the hearing people, especially employers, will not misjudge us. They mean well and let us hope they succeed in their mission.

A clipping from a newspaper out West was recently shown the writer. It was sent in by an apparently intelligent person, to judge by the language and line of argument, but the effect was spoiled by a glaring "deaf-mutism." He went on telling who was who in the locality, how long they lived there and their occupations and addresses. Mr. So lives on Blank St. with his wife; Mr. Other lives with his wife on Etc Ave.; Mr. Another is a widower, living with his daughter; and so on.

Get the point?

The readers of the paper naturally would like to know if living with one's own wife was a very unusual thing among deaf people and where the ladies lived if it was not mentioned, or if divorces were the fashion.

That gentleman was simply saying something that a good many do in signs and he did not know any better.

A Bit of Pollyanna

A very interesting and well-written book is "Louder, Please" by Mr. Calkin, a deaf man (not a deaf-mute), who touches upon his struggles in life, of his successes and failures. He did not write for sympathy nor did he gloss over the heavy handicap that deafness is, depriving him of monetary rewards that he deserved and lost. He simply stated facts that are patent to us all. If he with his university training and aural aid found it rough sledding, who can find fault with us if we occupy lowly stations in life? We have battled against the tide of prejudice, intolerance and misjudgment and it was too much for us. Deafness is an inconvenience, we all know, but like Mr. Calkin, we are making the best of it that we can. O telephone, what crimes have been committed because of thee! O Nature, now could you!

For Ladies Only

Appearances are deceiving some times. A case in point at St. Paul comes to mind. Among the crowd was a veritable Adonis, with rosy cheeks and a skin you—ladies—love to touch, topped off with a cute tiny collegiate cap. I mistook him for a lounge lizard, a cake-eater, a cotillion leader, a wrist-slapper and pink-tea hound. Expecting him to tell me he was a social secretary, I asked him his business, if any, and he replied: "Interior decorator." I was surprised and wanted to know how he managed to have very nice hands in spite of the paint. Hah, hah, haahed he did and gave me a brief history of his ante-school days which comprised riding as a cowboy out in Montana, editing a newspaper, going with J. C. Howard into the woods when the thermometer stood at 43 below and where the "snow worms" wiggled, employing nine men to work for him. Well, well, you never can tell.

The subject of this sketch is John A. DeLancey, a very appropriate name for such a romantic figure—and he is not married and lives in Duluth.

Multum En Parvo

Is a small town the best place for a deaf person to make a living in?

From personal knowledge of graduates and former school-mates who live outside of Philadelphia and in small towns and cities in Pennsylvania and elsewhere I am inclined to answer in the affirmative. Let it be understood that the "semi-mutes" are not included. They can and do make good where competition is fiercest.

They may not be earning as much as big-city people, and they save more and on the average they have more steady work. Have you noticed that at conventions or reunions of schools the majority hails from small places? They can afford carfare and board—and they have a rousing good time which cannot be said of city people. Another thing, who but the same people are generous to the Home for Aged Deaf and keep going the papers for the deaf by subscribing?

Last summer at St. Paul I had the pleasure of talking with people from the "tall timbers," "rube towns" as city dwellers term them, and found out that they lived cheaply, owned their homes, had bank accounts, and automobiles. The latter enabled them to go visiting in cities, helping to ameliorate the loneliness that is a drawback for a deaf person.

I would not certainly advise anybody to move from one place to another, but suggest that if city people have no luck in the way of employment, to look up small towns and cities.

Big cities have conveniences, comforts larger deaf populations, diverse means for entertainments, and all that, but which is better to earn \$50 a week and spend it all for living purposes or \$30 and save some of it? A house or apartment closely packed between walls of bricks or a HOME with a garden and plenty of elbow room? A tiny ant of no account in a big place or a "somebody" in a little town?

Quo Vadis

There has been some talk of arranging the N. A. D. conventions to take place in the same year and place as those of the N. F. S. D., possibly a week after the latter. Argument being that there will be a bigger crowd; people will not have to spend so much money for fares to separate gatherings; there will be more certainty that half-rate fares for returning will be obtained through larger numbers understanding the certificate plan.

The points are well put, but how many can afford to knock off work for two weeks and to pay hotel bills and incidentals? Those who have sat for a whole week at the Frat conventions know how fatiguing it is, and I doubt if they would be anxious for another six-day grind at N. A. D.

meeting—and they are no smooth-going affairs, either. It was noted at the Philadelphia, Atlanta and St. Paul conventions that the delegates and visitors made a bee-line for the railroads as soon as the sessions were over—except a few, Bro. Gibson among them, for business reasons. They could have stayed a few days longer and rested up, but no, their pocket-books were deflated and they were fed up with motions, seconds, resolutions, buttonholing, handshaking, introductions, sightseeing, etc., and home looked good to them.

Anyway, the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof and we can try it and see what we will see.

Cross-Word Puzzles

The craze for solving cross-words has hit nearly everybody and it has been hailed as educational. I for one doubt its value in that direction. It does demand brain work and helps one to pass the time, and new words are added to his vocabulary, but the acquisition of words does not make for education, neither does it mean improvement in language. Recently some one with an imperfect command of English told me that the puzzles had helped him in his language and cited the word "lac," which he had never before heard of as meaning a sticky substance. Then I asked him to give me a sentence with that word in it. He could not do so. There were other new words he had picked up and in no instance could he fit them in the most elementary sentences. I told him that if he really wanted to have education and the ability to use words right, to read books with a dictionary by his side. He seemed offended, but was I right? He who goes to the Pierian Spring, etc.

Orders of Deaf-Mute and Blind Sisters in France

The celebration of the jubilee of a deaf-mute who entered a religious order in 1864 and who is now 83 years of age, a letter from Paris to the New World says, has called the attention of the public to the order to which she belongs, and which is composed entirely of deaf-mutes. It is the community of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, founded in 1851 by Abbe deLarnay at Poitiers.

Since that time fifty deaf-mutes have entered the community. Half of this number have already passed to their reward. Twenty-four religious and one novice remain.

The Sisters of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows have, at several times, received as pupils young girls who are still more unfortunate than themselves, for they are blind in addition to being deaf and dumb, belonging to the class of unfortunates known as "the souls in prison."

There is also, in France, an order of blind nuns, the Sisters of Saint Paul.—*Catholic Deaf-Mute.*

Not in the clamor of the crowded streets
Not in shouts and plaudits of the strong
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.—*Longfellow.*

"After the wreck, when your husband was drowning,
did all his past sins come up before him?"
"Good heavens, no! He wasn't in the water all that time!"

A NATURAL INQUIRY

Bobbie—"What does it cost to make a letter go?"

Postman—"Two cents."

Bobbie—"Don't you take 'em for children for half price?"



By Alexander L. Pach

HERE is only one conventional way for a person to ascend a step ladder, and a similar number for descent. There are more unconventional methods that will accomplish both purposes. On a recent February day the writer of this, without intent to depart from accepted and approved ways and means, made the ascent to the top of one of these contraptions without having taken the usual precaution of securing the ladder so that both its supports would stay at fixed angles, with the result that the ladder went due north and the writer catapulted due west, landing on an unsympathetic stone floor, and his return to consciousness was to find a medical gentleman in white habiliments industriously plying needle and horse hair, after which came a ride in a sumptuous automobile, all decorated in white and red and gold, and marked, on its sides:

BROAD STREET HOSPITAL,

and, with me wearing a beautiful white turban that the medical gentleman fashioned, the Broadway, Wall Street and Broad Street noonday crowds were enabled to gape at a flying ambulance and its contents, one of which was myself. Being duly entered, I was invited to have my photograph taken, and again, more unconventionality, for they slid me on a table, clamped my head and took an X-Ray to see if the solid ivory top had been fractured, but it seems to have been too solid, for fracture was absent, and after some more details from the reception committee, I was taken home under escort and given sixteen days to ponder on my stupidity in not having secured the portable stairs as required where common sense rules.

There's another side to the picture, and aside from the pain of frequent dressings, and enforced reclining in the single comfortable position possible, there were, as an outcome, sixteen days of absolute rest, enhanced by a daily and nightly train of visitors bearing smokes, fruits, flowers, jellies and other goodies, and a big mail offering congratulations that it turned out no worse, and many admonitions to beware when using such devilish contrivances as step ladders. One of many letters follows:

March 12 (Beware the Ides of March!!!)

Dear Mr. Pach:—

Why attempt suicide at a time like this when "the voice of the turtle dove is heard" and SPRING IS abroad in the land—or near it? Listen to Oscar Wilde carolling:

*"All the woods are alive with the murmur
and sound of spring,
And the rosebud breaks into pink on the
climbing briar,
And the crocus bed is a quivering moon
of fire
Girdled 'round with the belt of an amethyst
ring."*

Now, will you desist from further such untoward behaviour. Or, else, put a bucket of water 'neath the ladder next time and dive into that. You may then arise from the damp depths, like Triton, with a wreath of seaweed

on your brow instead of an unromantic gash that must go through a painful tailoring process.

Yours,

There's silver lining to all clouds, and in my mishap were days of leisure that meant more real rest than the best planned vacation I ever enjoyed, and at the end came a daily walk that taught me many new things about the neighborhood I have lived in for fifteen years, and its people, for the business day appearance of the locality was absolutely new to me. One of these day's walks took me to that grand old school, Fanwood, where 44 years ago I was a pupil under a different order of things. Under the guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Fox I saw school room work by children of tenderest years, four and up to seven or eight, that was a revelation. In my day children of so near infancy's period were not admitted to school. Though I pass twice daily within sight of Fanwood, I have not seen classroom work demonstrated since my own days, though I have in other schools in other states.

The oral work I saw was stripped of all the fol de rol and the humbug so often apparent when deaf children are shown off. Hearing friends accompanied me, and for a week afterward were still talking about the marvels they heard and witnessed.

Are deaf teachers heir to greater longevity than hearing ones? I ask because on my visit to Fanwood I noticed that of the teaching force, the only ones of my day were Messrs. Jones and Hodgson and Miss Barrager. Dr. Fox was in college and begun teaching two years after I graduated. These four are the veterans, and all are deaf. The four have given more than 175 years to the Fanwood school as instructors. Perhaps if Messrs. Jones, Hodgson and Fox had been hearing men, they would have been called away as superintendents of other schools, as were Mr. Jenkins, who went to New Jersey; Mr. Clarke who went to Michigan; Mr. Currier, who became Principal of Fanwood, and yet others, and perhaps the deaf persons, stamina enables longer tenure of office, Miss Montgomery, who was also of my day, and a deaf woman, held one of the Fanwood records.

Count that Sunday absolutely and irretrievably lost when no scare heads appear in regard to new accomplishments having to do with making deaf people hear, or dumb ones talk. A week ago was an illustrated story showing how mutes were enabled to talk by equipping them with an artificial speech apparatus, and yesterday the New York papers had Lincoln Schindler learning to speak and learning to hear through being operated on at Bellevue hospital for an ailment having nothing to do with his speech or his deafness. The article purported to show that all the years Lincoln Schindler was a pupil at 67th St. School, he was not deaf at all, just didn't

know he could hear, and you can't beat that. Then all of us know he has always been a good speaker, but this operation restores his speech, that is, the principal New York dailies say so.

At this writing it seems that the bill to authorize licensing deaf drivers has passed in New Jersey, and only awaits the Governor's signature. A large share of the credit is due to Mr. W. W. Beadell whose persistency made an easy victory possible with so many coming to his aid in New Jersey. Recently Mr. Beadell spoke before a large and appreciative audience on the subject in Baltimore, but never a word of publicity, either before or after the event, as Baltimore is one of those cities that hides its light under bushels of gloom. In other days there was always a good writer to send out news of the doings of the Oriole city, and it is a matter of regret that there is no hustler such as Reider, its neighbor on the north, or any one of several who send out news from Washington, its neighbor on the south. In other days we had a plenty of New England news, which is a rare article these days.

Out Portland (Oregon) way, things are different. At least two writers from that city keep the deaf world posted and even where those at a distance do not know the people whom the articles concern the interest is there just the same. One of the Portland writers leads in quaintness of style, and a recent sample of his output told how the mother of one of the prominent deaf people was "building houses on vacant lots," and what could be more eminently proper?

Nothing has been commented on in this department during 1925 having to do with nomenclature and lest we go stale on the subject it is well to give added publicity to the fact that Noble Hogg, a graduate of the Iowa School recently—but there I've forgotten what the *Iowa Hawkeye* reported—about him. Most everybody knows what the one time Governor of Texas of the name of Hogg named his three daughters.

A recently published story told of how the deaf had gained a foothold in an organization of the hearing, being permitted to form a lodge made up entirely of deaf men. As the unit referred to bears a serial number higher than 1000, it is evident that they have only a thousand to one show when it comes to deliberations of a Grand Lodge, which is such an inadequately small representation as to be worse than negligible.

It seems to me that a deaf man should first of all be a member of a fraternal and insurance organization in which he has a chance, as he does in the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, to become President of the organization, instead of one where he is simply recognized as a member of a unit that is only one-one-thousandth of the whole number of units and one-fifty-thousandth of the whole organization, without a chance in a million of ever having a say in the conduct of the body. Of course, after a deaf man has taken out membership in the organization that is for, of and by him, he is at fullest liberty to protect his family by joining as many more fraternal as his means allow. The organization mentioned is painted in glowing colors, but when it is stated that the N. F. S. D., though only a little over twenty years old, has a hundred divisions; around 6000 members and close to \$700,000 capital, it talks louder and more efficiently than all the "sob stuff" about "reverence to the flag of our country" and "never causing a tear to course down Mother's cheeks," which with other

and very similar "sob stuff" made up the story of the organization I am referring to. It isn't customary for members of any organization to dishonor the flag; to commit homicide, suicide or fratricide, and it is just space filling bunk to attribute the absence of these traits to any organization. When it comes to reverence for our country's flag, the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf is second to no organization of any kind, for all the divisions work with a flag draped altar, and every meeting is opened and closed with a military and a loving tribute to the glorious stars and stripes.

Any real homily on the worth of an organization, and any valuable data as a preliminary to added growth in membership will tell who is behind it, and what states license it, and what its financial worth is, and how and by whom controlled and safeguarded. With the National Fraternal Society, all this data is an open book, published in magazine form, and open to any one who cares to read the facts each month. All the officers came from the ranks of the deaf, and when their time is up, they go back to the ranks to be superseded by still other men from the ranks. It is an inherently human thing for every human being to feel that he ought to have a chance to advance, and in an organization of the deaf that chance is every one's opportunity, but where he is only an infinitesimal unit in a great organization, his chances are even less than that of the traditional snowball in Hades.

One of the Journal's Washington correspondents, in a story telling of Dr. J. Schuyler Long's appearance on the lecture platform, leaves a lot untold when he states that Dr. Long told side splitting jokes on some New Yorkers. The kernel of the news item is missed entirely. Who were these New Yorkers, and what were the jokes on them? Why should a Washington, D. C., audience have a monopoly of the facts and the fun? There is no doubt that Dr. Long can tell funny stories. His best one I saw him tell at nine different conventions, but it did not have to do with any New Yorkers, or I would tell it here myself. It was about a man who owned a horse, but I fear I have forgotten the details, though if I were reporting a lecture by the great "Schuy" I would not let any of his jokes be lost to posterity. Some of our reporters do not discriminate nicely as to just what interesting news is, and to them the advice of Charles A. Dana ought to be kept always in mind, that is, if a dog bites a boy, that is not news, but if a boy bites a dog, all the facts should be told. F. P. A. of the *New York World* has elaborated on this by putting it if an elephant has fleas, it is not worthy of notice, but if a flea has elephants, that sure is news.

HER NOSE GOING DEAF

When my two little girls came into the kitchen from playing in the yard the other evening I was amused at overhearing the following conversation:

"May, I smell something good, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You don't? That's funny, I do."

"Well, I dees my nose must be going deaf, for I don't smell a fang."

ALSO AWKWARD

The wife of a clergyman warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day: "Now John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll catch cold."

NOT USED TO FINGER-BOWLS

Mrs. Ayres—"How did it happen, Ellen, that you never used finger-bowls before? Didn't they use them in the last place you worked?"

Ellen—"No, ma'am; they mostly washed theirselves before they came to the table."

The Silent Worker

² [Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

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No. 7

Bill No. 422

The deaf of the nation, and of New Jersey in particular, will rejoice when they learn of the successful passage of the bill in this year's New Jersey legislature legalizing the Motor Vehicle Commissioner to grant licenses to the deaf to operate automobiles after they show by demonstration their ability to do so.

The bill was passed by the legislature March 10, signed by the Governor on the 20th and now becomes a law.

In the last year's legislature a similar bill was presented but was never read, finally going to the "morgue" with scores of other bills when the legislature closed. The failure was due to a lack of funds to employ counsel to properly present the bill.

Profiting by the lesson thus learned the deaf of the State got busy and raised enough money to employ counsel and with the invaluable assistance of W. W. Beadell, editor of the *Arlington Observer* and the brainiest deaf man in the State, the public were educated and influential backing secured.

The successful passage of this bill means much to the deaf everywhere. But for the sagacity of Mr. Beadell who labored for several years in gathering indisputable evidence that the deaf were safe drivers, and to the responsiveness of the deaf of the State when appealed to for funds to employ legal advice, the bill would never have had a chance. The opposition was strong and honest, but mistaken in their convictions. The fight was open and above board on both sides.

Lucretius of old once said the deaf could never be educated. This has been proven a fallacy.

The Church said the deaf could never be ordained to

preach the sacred Word. This declaration was shattered years ago when the H. W. Syle, a deaf-mute, was ordained minister to the deaf of Philadelphia and its environs.

Printers declared it was impossible for a deaf person to operate the intricate linotype. Again the deaf broke through this opposition and today there are hundreds of competent operators.

And now the deaf are breaking through the barriers set up by automobile commissioners.

And so it goes from one thing to another, and experience teaches us that if we deaf remain passive to such unjust discriminations we gain nothing, but if we stand up and fight for our rights we gain much.

Convention at Council Bluffs

The date for the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf at Council Bluff, Iowa, has been set for June 28 to July 4, with a proviso that there may be a revision in later official announcements. The Iowa School is making preparations for entertaining a large crowd, as owing to its central location—practically midway between the two coasts and halfway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Canadian border—a record attendance is expected. Accommodation will be available at the School at the rate of \$10 for the whole session, or \$2 a day. Those who are on camping trips in their automobiles will find delightful spots in the spacious grounds where to pitch their tents.

The program is being planned by a committee with Mr. Frank Driggs of Utah as Chairman, and will be announced at an early date. A special entertainment committee is arranging for activities between sessions, and visitors may be sure that there will be something doing all the time.

The International Convention in London will draw a number of teachers across the ocean, but this should not materially affect the attendance at Council Bluffs. As far as dates are concerned, it is, of course, possible to go to both conventions, but in the majority of cases the state of the exchequer will veto any such ambitious plans. We advise very strongly that every teacher and instructor who possibly can make an effort to go to Council Bluffs this summer.

"Nose Dives"

The hearing press lately has been giving considerable prominence to airplane "nose dives" as a cure for deafness and some remarkable results have been reported. But, dear reader, don't get excited and fall over each other to try this "nose dive" thing. To the hard of hearing it might prove advantageous, but to the totally deaf there is no hope of restoration. It is the same with the radio. We read of an old woman who could not hear a sermon close to the pulpit, but when she moved fifty miles away and tried the radio she heard a sermon preached in the same church. Of course she was a very hard of hearing woman, but as the voice

of the preacher was multiplied many times by the radio's amplifier she could hear just as a person who shouts in the ear of a partially deaf person. But to the totally deaf—those whose middle or internal ears have been destroyed—there is no hope until, perhaps, some genius makes a new discovery.

Interpreting the Radio

On March 4th a vast throng gathered at the nation's Capitol to witness the inauguration of Calvin Coolidge as President of the United States. At the same time in Trenton, New Jersey, nearly four hundred miles away, the pupils, teachers and other attaches of the school had assembled in the auditorium to "hear" the inaugural address by means of the radio. A loud speaker was placed at one end of the rostrum, and near it stood Mr. Thompson, a member of the faculty. In clear and understandable signs and spelling the deaf actually "heard" and "saw" what was going on during the inaugural ceremonies in Washington.

Mr. Thompson would say: "The sun is shining. The band is playing. President Coolidge has arrived from the White House. Now he is being sworn in by Secretary of State Taft," (repeating the words). "The band is playing 'Hail to Our Chief,'" and while this is going on Mr. Thompson goes to the movie machine and starts a film showing scenes of President Coolidge's administration from the time of his nomination in Cincinnati to his New Year's reception. When the band ceased playing Mr. Thompson proceeds to interpret the inaugural address.

The radio, the sign-language and the movie combined, opened a new means of enjoyment quite as satisfactory to the deaf as it is to the hearing. It was the first time to our knowledge that such a thing was ever tried out and it has suggested future possibilities where a hearing person who is versed in the signs language as Mr. Thompson is can add radio entertainment to the deaf heretofore denied them.

John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation

Simon Guggenheim, former Senator from Colorado, and his wife have announced the preliminary gift of \$3,000,000 to endow a Foundation in memory of their son John Simon Guggenheim who died in 1922, for the purpose of establishing fellowships enabling students and scholars to carry on advanced research study abroad in any field of knowledge or to develop unusual talents in any of the fine arts. The object of the Foundation is to improve the quality of education and the practice of the arts and the professions in the United States, to foster research, and to provide for the cause of better international understanding.

The fellowships are somewhat similar to the Rhodes scholarships, but they differ in the respect that, on the whole, they are intended for older students, mainly between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, and they

include women as well as men. The first national awards will be made for the year 1926-1927, and after that it is the purpose of the Foundation to maintain from forty to fifty fellowships abroad annually.

The Board of Trustees of the Foundation will consist of the following seven persons: Hon. Simon Guggenheim, President; Mrs. Olga Hirsh Guggenheim, Francis H. Brownell, Vice President; Carroll A. Wilson, Charles D. Hilles, Roger W. Straus, and Charles Earl, with Henry Allen Moe as Secretary and Otto Myers as Treasurer.

As long as men of wealth use their money for worthy objects like this, there is no serious danger of any revolutionary changes aimed at the upsetting of the present state of social relations. A collection of data giving the amounts that rich men have contributed towards the spread of education, knowledge and culture would make interesting reading.

Book Review

PAPER CUTTING. By Annye Allison. 160 pages, cloth bound, \$2.25 and for sale by The Bruce Publishing Company, New York.

This book is a very helpful and suggestive manual for teachers in adapting paper cutting to the greatest variety of school uses. Simple and intricate free hand cutting, story illustrations, posters, designs for teaching Dutch, Eskimo, Indian, etc., life, lettering, with practical application of paper cutting, to school fairs, costume designs for flower festivals, etc.

An endless variety of illustrations with splendid color plates show the great possibility of paper cutting. The text suggests the development of each idea with suggestions for embellishment and adaptation of idea to class use. The book is carefully indexed for ready reference in unusual demand for paper work.

Teachers of the deaf in the primary grades will find "Paper Cutting" especially valuable not only as a means of entertainment and instruction but an easy and delightful means of developing in children of impressionable age a taste for design and color harmony.

A Visit from Dr. Long

We had a fleeting glimpse of Dr. J. Schuyler Long, Principal of the Iowa School, on the 11th of March, as he stopped off on his way to Washington, D. C. His time with us was limited to one day, but Superintendent Pope made it possible for him to see pretty much all that was worth seeing. Before his departure for another stop off at Mt. Airy, he met the deaf teachers and enjoyed half an hour in social chat with them.

Cross-word Puzzle Error

In the Clar-Box Cross-word puzzle printed in our last issue, was a slight error—the placing of the figures 11 in the wrong square which in no way seemed to have interfered with correct solutions.

The Knocks and Bumps of Assembly Bill No. 422

By KENNETH MURPHY



HIS may be surprising, yet in fact it is true—Bill Buchanan, who happened to be one of the bystanders around the phone in the office, darted to the dining room to spread to his fellow comrades the news he had so conspicuously learned. Making three and four steps at a time in his hurried descent down the stairway, his head bumped against a projecting lower part of the ceiling. At this very instant his legs ceased to carry him further and so of course he slid straight down the remaining few steps and there he lay at the bottom somewhat unconscious. Then Bill was nearly drowned by his fellow comrades with water from the tables. The very moment Bill recovered his senses he said in two very simple yet rather gigantic signs, "law passed." This was a very exciting moment—our attorney had just phoned to the local committee that Governor Silzer had formally affixed his signature to Assembly Bill No. 422.

The above is the story of one Bill Buchanan and it was mighty lucky that he knocked out a chunk of plaster from the projecting part of the ceiling rather than to have lost a chunk from his head, but now we will follow up the story of another bill known as Assembly Bill No. 422.

It had long been an established fact that the laws of the State of New Jersey gave the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles full authority to refuse to grant a license to drive motor vehicles to any person, "who shall in the estimation of said commissioner, be an improper person." This made things unfortunate for the deaf of this state especially that our Commissioner of Motor Vehicles exercised his discretion to the extent that all deaf persons were "in his estimation improper persons." He made it a rule for his department not to grant a license to any deaf person and in this he remained adamant.

After preliminary labours the State N. A. D. Committee on Motor Legislation engaged one of the most able lawyers as counsel and a bill was drafted for the purpose of being presented to the state legislature providing an amendment to the motor vehicle laws, such as defined the above discretionary powers of the commissioner. The amendment read as follows: "[*provided, however, that no physical defect of the applicant shall debar him or her from receiving a license unless it can be shown by common experience that such defect incapacitates him or her from safely operating a motor vehicle*]" The statement read—"The purpose of this act is to make "common experience" a test in granting or refusing licenses to operate motor vehicles."

Our next job was to find some one to handle the measure for us. Our able chief, Mr. W. W. Beadell, of Arlington, N. J., finally got Assemblyman Minisi of Essex County to look after the measure and it was introduced in the General Assembly on the eve of Feb. 9th, by Mr. Beardsley of Essex County. Henceforth the bill was known as Assembly Bill No. 422 and was referred to the Committee on Highways.

Days and weeks passed while still our bill remained among the bulk of other bills in committee. A steering committee then looked through the pile of bills at a week end session held at Atlantic City, but at this our Bill No. 422 was laid aside

for further investigation. Mr. Beadell was in Trenton Monday, March 2, in conference with Counselor Moore and as some underground work was carried out such as to bring pressure to bear on the committee in favor of Bill No. 422, it was reported out of committee the next day and considered favorably at second reading. It was placed on the Assembly calendar and came up for third reading at the evening session of March 9th, but then again we were disappointed that Mr. Minisi was absent on account of illness and so No. 422 was again laid aside. On Wednesday, March 11th, it again came up for third reading and passed the House by a vote of 30 to 9 and was delivered to the Senate. It passed the Senate by an unanimous vote at the evening session of Friday, March 13, the last day provided by a previous resolution for passage of new bills. At this session only eleven votes were called which was enough to carry the vote.

The bill then went to the Governor and he had until Friday midnight, March 20, in which time to sign or veto the bill. This provided another obstacle. The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles held a conference with the Governor at which he made strong protests of disapproval of the bill with the result that the Governor was then reluctant to sign.

The first edition of the evening paper on Friday, March 20, contained the following article which was a great blow to all of us:

"Public safety was said by the Governor to prompt his veto of another House Bill to the effect that physical defect shall not stand as a barrier to obtaining of an automobile drivers license, unless it can be shown by common experience that the defect incapacitates the applicant from safely operating a car. The question is now left to the discretion of Motor Vehicle Commissioner Dill, it was stated, and there it should remain."

This was the time when we felt most crestfallen.

Attempt was then made to get our attorney over the phone, only to learn that he was at the State House, but would ring us up as soon as he returned to his office. Half an hour passed and then the phone rang. Surely it was our counselor, Harvey S. Moore, who said, "After working all day, the Governor reconsidered and signed Assembly Bill 422." At this very instant, what could have prevented Bill Buchanan from making such a wild dash for the dining room?

The next morning's mail brought a message which verified the phone call and read as follows:

Trenton, N. J., March 20, 1925.

My dear Kenneth: Well, after working all day on our measure, and after the Governor had written a veto message on same, which was published in to-day's *Times*, I finally got him to reconsider his idea and he signed Assembly Bill 422 about five o'clock to-day. This is a great victory for us. It was largely due to all of our united efforts; you fellows obeyed instructions implicitly and the fight was clean and above board. I know you are all very happy, as am I.

With best regards, I am,

Very cordially,

HERVEY S. MOORE.

RECEIPTS

Andrew D. Meloy	\$25.00	W. W. Beadell	10.00	Chas. R. Dobbins	10.00
N. J. S. D. Athletic Assn.	20.00	Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Haas ..	10.00	A. D. Salmon	10.00
Albert Neger	15.00	Mr. and Mrs. Miles Sweeney ..	10.00	Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore	10.00
New Jersey Deaf Mutes Soc. Inc	11.45	Elton Williams	10.00	George Hunnells, Jr.	10.00
		Vito Dondiego	10.00	Calm Society	10.00

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Murphy ..	10.00	E. Mabelle Smith ..	1.00	Jacob Stark ..	1.00
R. M. Robertson ..	10.00	A. M. Portee ..	1.00	Carl Fragin ..	1.00
Frank Happaugh ..	10.00	Mrs. E. Brown ..	1.00	Amon Schaffer ..	1.00
Bloomfield Aural Society ..	8.50	Adolph Krokenberger ..	1.00	Harry Hersch ..	1.00
Andrew McClay ..	7.00	David Speece ..	1.00	Meyer W. Miller ..	1.00
Ernest De Laura ..	6.00	Howard Ferguson ..	1.00	T. McMahon ..	1.00
Michael Morello ..	6.00	Wm. A. McIntyre ..	1.00	Clarence Schaumberg ..	1.00
O. W. McIntruff ..	6.00	William Battersky, Jr ..	1.00	A. L. Thomas ..	1.00
Knight's Club ..	5.75	James F. Brady ..	1.00	Thomas F. Smith ..	1.00
The Sunnyside Club ..	5.00	Otto Beyer ..	1.00	Ruby Moholon ..	1.00
The Vail Literary Society ..	5.00	Louis Dowling ..	1.00	"Mutt" ..	1.00
John T. Boatwright ..	5.00	Walton Morgan ..	1.00	Irving Boileau ..	1.00
W. E. Wilmot ..	5.00	Chas. W. Colberg ..	1.00	T. Eggert ..	1.00
C. Parker Jerrell ..	5.00	Joe. Allen ..	1.00	Ella B. Lloyd ..	1.00
Andrew Dziak ..	5.00	A. E. Henry ..	1.00	Mr. & Mrs. M. W. McCready ..	1.00
Wadsworth Jenkins ..	5.00	Emily Hirsch ..	1.00	John Garrison ..	1.00
S. S. Temple ..	5.00	Grace A. Spatz ..	1.00	Mildred McCready ..	1.00
Henry Coene ..	5.00	John J. Keohane ..	1.00	Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bowker ..	1.00
J. L. Johnson ..	5.00	Albert Corello ..	1.00	Ernest E. Leske Jr. ..	1.00
Rev. Smaltz ..	5.00	Emily Sterek ..	1.00	Michael Lapides ..	1.00
Bernard Doyle ..	5.00	Stephen J. Dundon ..	1.00	J. W. Bouchard ..	1.00
Randall McClelland ..	5.00	Ella R. McClelland ..	1.00	Michael Hamra ..	1.00
Morris McMickle ..	5.00	Dewitt C. Staats ..	1.00	J. A. Sullivan ..	1.00
		Owen Coyne ..	1.00	? Golkowski ..	1.00
The Hapward Family ..	4.00	William P. Felts ..	1.00	Isaac Lowe ..	1.00
Edward Park ..	4.00	Isadore Oliver ..	1.00	Samuel W. McClelland ..	1.00
Edward Campbell ..	3.00	Ralph Barbarulo ..	1.00	Carmine Pace ..	1.00
Edward Cashell ..	2.00	James Davison ..	1.00	David Powell ..	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Porter ..	2.00	Harry E. Dixon ..	1.00	C. Cascella ..	1.00
Bill Buchanan ..	2.00	Angelo Avallone ..	1.00	Wm. S. Stocker ..	1.00
Joe Higgins ..	2.00	Joshua Wilkinson ..	1.00	John Ventury ..	1.00
James Parker ..	2.00	Kelly H. Stevens ..	1.00	Max M. Lubin ..	1.00
Thomas A. Lynam ..	2.00	Russell Jackson ..	1.00	Gustav Thiele ..	1.00
Frank Nutt ..	2.00	Alfred Titus ..	1.00	A. L. Pach ..	1.00
Sarah Goodstein ..	2.00	Geo. F. Morris ..	1.00	Wilbur Rapp ..	1.00
George Hummell ..	2.00	Jack Hunter ..	1.00	Mrs. T. McMahon ..	1.00
Mr. & Mrs. Marvin E. Hunt ..	2.00	Stanley Lunewski ..	1.00	Clarence Spencer ..	1.00
Charles LeRoy Buck ..	2.00	Marion Welsh ..	1.00	Ed. Nokoamer and Sons ..	1.00
Charles E. Inigley ..	2.00	Dr. R. J. Shaw ..	1.00	Louis Pugliese ..	1.00
Chas. C. McMann ..	2.00	M. A. Shaw ..	1.00	Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Blake ..	1.00
John M. Black ..	2.00	Geo. A. McMahon ..	1.00	Total contributions of less than	
Fred Waltz ..	2.00	Harry Weinberger ..	1.00	one dollar ..	\$ 18.35
Fred Donus ..	2.00	E. G. Smith ..	1.00	Total contributions ..	\$471.60
Sidney Budooski ..	2.00	John Hirst ..	1.00		
H. C. Brendall ..	1.50	Eddie Sweeney ..	1.00		
Edward Bradley ..	1.50	Charles H. Parker ..	1.00		
Frank J. Parella ..	1.30	M. Foy ..	1.00	Trenton N. A. D. Loan ..	300.00
Harry Redman ..	1.25	John J. Carey ..	1.00	Jersey City N. A. D. Loan ..	200.00
Alex. Anlus ..	1.00	John Reed ..	1.00	Total receipts to date ..	\$971.60
George G. Killes ..	1.00	J. Neger ..	1.00		

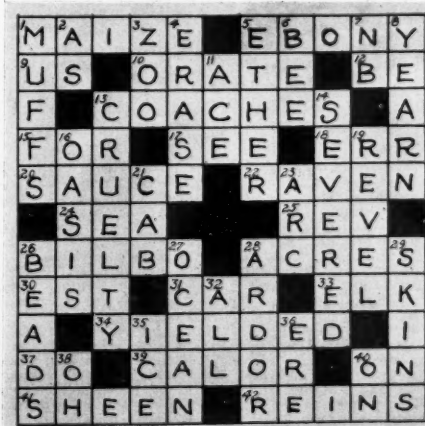
CLAR-BOX COMPANY'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Winners of the March Clar Box Cross-Word Puzzle are as follows:

1. Hannah M. Evans, Mt. Airy, Pa.
2. Mary Myers, Lima, Ohio
3. R. Reed Robertson, Philadelphia, Pa.
4. Mary V. Marley, Highland, Kansas
5. Martin M. Taylor, Baton Rouge, La.
6. Helen Harris, Indianapolis, Ind.
7. S. A. Gath, Detroit, Mich.
8. Albert J. Krohn, Sioux Falls, S. D.
9. Arthur H. Enger, Providence, R. I.
10. Bessie B. MacGregor, Grover City, Ohio
11. Mrs. Stearns, Philadelphia, Pa.
12. Lafayette Welcher, Dadeville, Ala.

Fountain pens will be mailed to the above winners.

SOLUTION

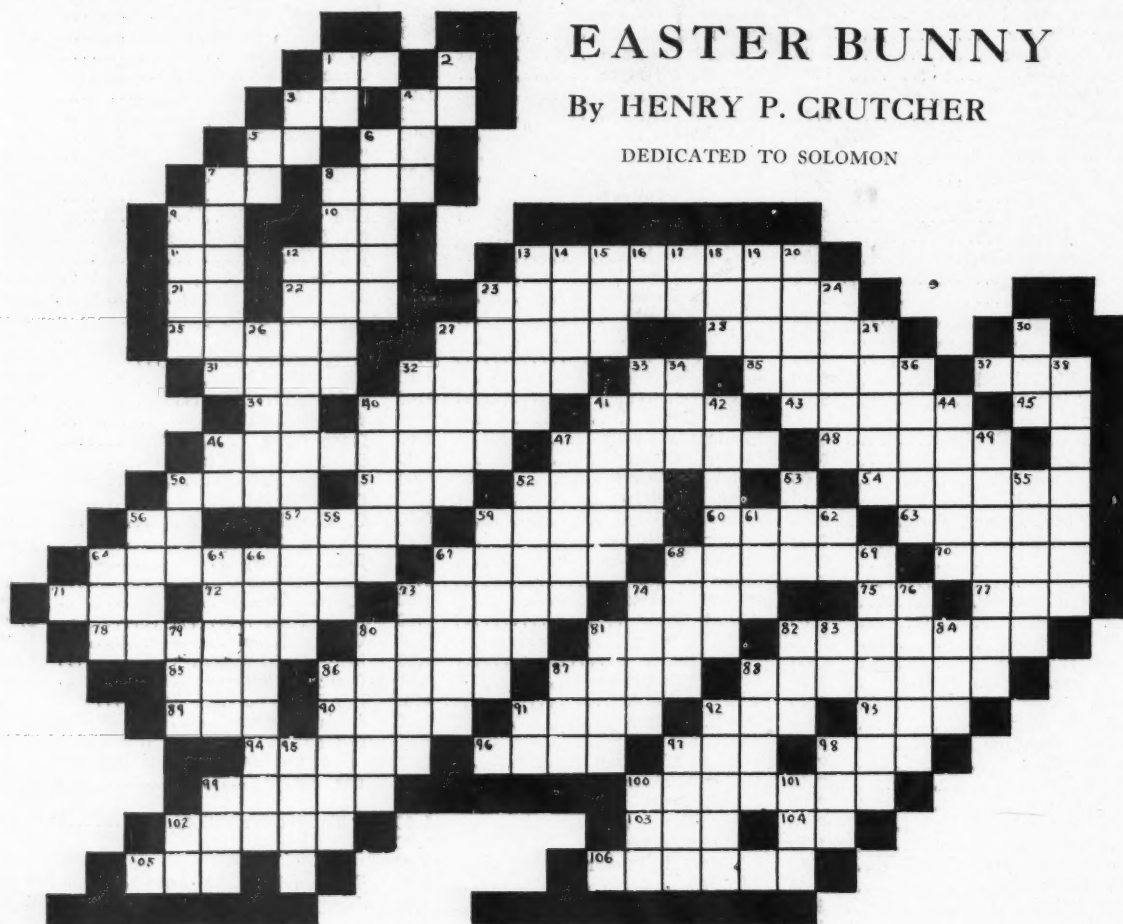


With The Cross-Word Puzzle Fans

EASTER BUNNY

By HENRY P. CRUTCHER

DEDICATED TO SOLOMON



When we were a kid, eons ago, we had a pet rabbit—Solomon, was his name. There was nothing we loved better to do than to sit under an old persimmon tree and pick fleas off of Solomon. It was the most engrossing pastime, ever!

Poor old Solomon is gone now to a flealess land and all that

remains to keep his spirit green in our memory is his left hind foot in our lower vest pocket. May his ears rest in peace, amen!

This rabbit has no fleas, tho it has almost everything else, and we only hope that it proves one-half as interesting to you as dear old Sol and his jumping-jacks did to us.

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Preposition.
- 3 A cutting instrument.
- 4 Christian Endeavor. (abbr.)
- 5 Within.
- 6 Egyptian sun god.
- 7 Preposition.
- 8 Obtain.
- 9 Mixed type.
- 10 Note of the diatonic scale.
- 11 Elevated railroad. (nickname)
- 12 Gave nutriment.
- 13 President of the N. F. S. D.
- 21 A paid insertion in a publication
- 22 Abbreviation for a home.
- 23 More than agreeable.
- 24 A kind of an auto.
- 27 Tired.
- 28 Machinery lubricator.
- 31 The blue titmice.
- 32 A picture.
- 33 Ben Hur. (abbr., of course.)
- 35 Devoid of dirt.
- 37 College war-whoop.
- 39 East Kalamazoo. (abbr.)
- 40 Used to catch fish.
- 41 Used by carpenters.
- 43 Many occur on ice and between hip and the lips.
- 45 Personal pronoun.
- 46 Mercy; leniency.
- 47 High N. F. S. D. official.
- 48 The ribs. (slang)
- 50 A crazy bird or human.
- 51 An exclamation.
- 52 Used to carry dishes, etc.
- 54 A deaf minister.
- 56 Exist.
- 57 A little deaf mountain of Texas
- 59 African golf.
- 60 Carried on the body.
- 63 Giving needless pain.
- 64 Frivolous young girls.
- 67 Cowboy trousers.
- 68 A Silent Worker writer.
- 70 Thin slab of baked clay.
- 71 A large serpent.
- 72 A large lake.
- 73 Amity.
- 74 A satellite.
- 75 Printer's measure.
- 77 Chinese laundry route. (ab.)
- 78 A wonderful performer. (slang)
- 80 Prominent deaf Californian.
- 81 A pal; companion.
- 82 Tells.
- 85 Tilly's goat.
- 86 Hemmed in; harassed.
- 87 Gladly.
- 88 Book of the Bible.
- 89 Teutonic god of the chase.
- 90 Small social insects.
- 91 To hurt.
- 92 A hat. (slang)
- 93 Famous American poet.
- 94 Donkeys; foolish humans.
- 96 Prominent deaf Tennessean.
- 97 A girl's shortened name.
- 98 Even. (poetical)
- 99 A social call.
- 100 Well-known deaf Kentuckian.
- 102 An adult female.
- 103 Female deer.
- 104 Note of the diatonic scale.
- 105 A well known deaf Gothamite.
- 106 A Silent Worker writer.

VERTICAL

- 1 Beast of burden.
- 2 You and I.
- 3 Indefinite article.
- 4 Fur-bearing mouse-trap.
- 5 Greek goddess beloved by Zeus.
- 6 Hollow slender plants.
- 7 Noted Californian artist.
- 8 Edible weeds; golf courses.
- 9 Garden vegetable. (plural)
- 12 Prominent New Yorker.
- 13 Winged. (botanical term)
- 14 A Roman emperor who was fond of jazz and bon-fires.
- 15 86,400 seconds—count 'em.
- 16 Suffix to form plural.
- 17 Same as horizontal 6.
- 18 Frozen vapor. (phonetical)
- 19 Pertaining to the ears.
- 20 Belonging to Nell.
- 23 A flower.
- 24 Staggers.
- 26 A duel. (Italian)
- 27 Interrogative pronoun.
- 29 Parts of railroads.
- 30 A cuss word.
- 32 Pertaining to punishment.
- 33 Belonging to an infant.
- 34 Possessive pronoun.
- 36 N-p-a-m-c.
- 38 Poet laureate of Indianapolis.
- 40 Exchanges for a price.
- 41 A European country that is very much upset.
- 42 South American tree similar to our dogwood.
- 44 Begin.
- 46 Company. (abbr.)
- 47 W. J. Bryan's favorite fruit.
- 49 Canal or ditch gates.
- 50 A grassy field.
- 52 Prominent Michigander.
- 53 Period of time.
- 55 Relates.
- 56 Senseless talk. (slang)
- 58 Anger.
- 59 A navigating map.
- 61 Possess.
- 62 Suffix. (comparative degree)
- 64 Well-dressed but silly male.
- 65 Concerning punishment.
- 66 To announce.
- 67 Roman goddess of the harvest.
- 68 A musical instrument.
- 69 Founder of first school for deaf, in France
- 73 Nuisances.
- 74 First in importance.
- 76 A builder in stone or brick.
- 79 Popular C. W. P. bird
- 80 Dogmas; doctrines.
- 81 Two of a kind.
- 82 Primary color.
- 83 Printer's measure.
- 84 Article of men's wear.
- 86 Vessel for holding liquid.
- 87 Distant.
- 88 Liquid measure.
- 91 Father.
- 92 Fastens with a cord, etc.
- 95 A little girl inverted.
- 97 A large flat-bottomed boat.
- 98 Before.
- 99 Voice. (Latin)
- 100 Maryland officer. (abbr.)
- 101 A long vase.
- 102 Grief.

THIS MONTH'S PRIZES

First, we gave you godliness, our photo; next, cleanliness, the tubs and the soap; now we're going to adorn you with jewels. Our circulation manager informs us that we have a limited number of Japanese pearl necklaces—about 50—left over from our last subscription drive and as long as the supply holds out we shall award one for each correct solution. This offer is strictly *bona fide* and no kidding whatever. Note.—You will find the February SILENT WORKER N. A. D. list an excellent aid for finding names to fit in this Rabbit.



MARCH SOLUTION AND HONOR ROLL

- 1 Miss Esther Forsman, Gallaudet, Washington D. C.
- 2 Mrs. Thos. Gray, Chicago, Ill.
- 3 Miss Annie Rosa Corry, Tifton, Ga.
- 4 Miss Gretchen M. Farr, Oskaloosa, Iowa.
- 5 Junie Todd, Frankfort, Ky.
- 6 James Davison, Jersey City, N. J.
- 7 Mrs. C. L. Fraser, Trenton, N. J.
- 8 Mrs. J. F. Hart, Savannah, Ga.
- 9 Miss Lucy Sanders, Philadelphia, Pa.
- 10 Misses Gertrude and Eleanor Brady, Audubon, N. J.

The following deserve honorable mention but sent in their solutions just a little too late to get on the Honor Roll:

Paul F. Murtagh, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Philemon B. Hughes, Faulkton, S. D.; Mrs. E. M. Bloch, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Mae Brandenburg, Terre Haute, Ind. and Miss Rosalie Hendrickson of Portland, Ore.

FROM THE FANS

FAME, INDEED!

By HAFFORD D. HETZLER

It seems my life was not complete,
Although I called it a success.
Methought that it was full and sweet;
And in my ignorant conceit
Dame fortune's frown was a caress.
My childer, wife, and old dog, Rover,
Combined to keep me in the 'clover.

Today I find out my mistake—
What I thought gold was merely dross.
The life I thought completely jake
Was just an ache upon an ache—
A most complete and total loss.
Caloo! Callay! Here fame I muzzle—
At last I'm in a cross-word puzzle!

And, at last you're in company with a minister, Hetz!

Dear Cuss-word Puzzle Editor:—Here is my solution to the Shamrock puzzle. Hope it is in time for one of those grand tubs described by Crutch last month. I even have hopes of winning a cake of soap. Just think—a tub that can be used any night in the week! How wonderful! But it would be a shame to have such a luxurious tub and not be able to use it except on the regular night. Hopefully Yours, JUNIE TODD.

P. S. I worked the Valentine puzzle last month but did not send in my solution for fear of winning the prize photo.

Just for that P. S., you impudent thing, you won't get a tub.

TAKE HEED, C. W. P. FS!

By DE KAY

I went into a Looney Home one bright and sunny day,
To watch the insane maniacs at their most childish play.
Here one man caught my fancy with his queer and empty stare,
He sat chewing on a pencil and tearing out his hair.
I approached this poor old soul, and, patting him on the head,
I asked him what made him so? This is what he said:

"What's a twenty-letter word that means a shade of blue?
What's the Polish method of saying: 'How de do?'
"If you were in China how would you say: 'Oh no?'
What's the left appendage of an antiquated crow?"

"What's a synonym for crouching in a thirteen-letter word?
Name the Greek equivalent of a super-roasted bird?
"What's the common usage of the word prevaricate?
Name another meaning for rehabilitate.

"These and many others traverse my senseless brain,
Like the dim, dark figures in a driving rain.
"And, as I sit now brooding in a padded cell;
I devoutly wish all cross-words to an ever-burning-place!"

But, De, "place" doesn't rhyme with "cell."

UP-TO-DATE

By ROSALIE HENDRICKSON

Its not the prize I crave,
Nor is it the fame;
Its just to pass the time away
And be in with the game.

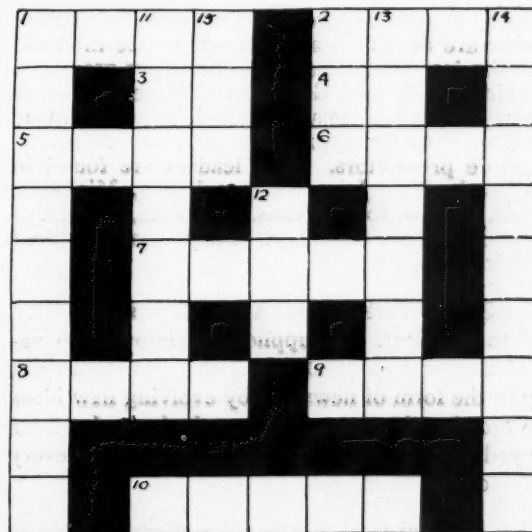
Quite clever, Rosalie, you've earned a cake of soap.

THRILLED "ALL OVER"

Dear Cross-word Puzzle Editor:—I'm just thrilled all over to know my name will be in print in the good old SILENT WORKER. Just sent in my solution for fun, not caring whether I won or not. Ye gods! heaps of fun, I say. A. R. C.

We love to thrill the ladies, A.

Mr. J. W. Howson sends in the puzzle below and we pass it along to the fans.



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Name given ancient kings of Peru.
- 2 Chinese association.
- 3 Nickname for Alfred.
- 4 Conjunction.
- 5 Undeified oral method.
- 6 A receptacle for holding water.
- 7 Botannical name for mushrooms.
- 8 Just one.
- 9 To be within.
- 10 Used by the deaf in conversing with each other.

VERTICAL

- 1 Term applied to people who solicit under the pretence of deafness.
- 2 The highest part.
- 11 How the deaf should be when driving autos.
- 12 Method of instruction used by combined schools for the deaf.
- 13 The spread of which the deaf view with alarm.
- 14 The greatest benefactor to the deaf of America.
- 15 A beverage.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL BY A WORKER READER

The Silent Worker
Trenton, New Jersey.

I live in the midst of cotton fields way down in Sunny South. When I think of cotton bales, I think of the **Silent Worker**. The reasons why I like the **Silent Worker** are many.

The **Silent Worker** must be read regularly every day for it tells a never ending story of the deaf in the United States and the four corners of the earth.

The **Silent Worker** must be read carefully for it bristles with facts and figures and often enough, a single line or even an article is sufficient to call for an improvement or change in the lives of the deaf.

The **Silent Worker** has the best staff of deaf writers and thinkers of any publication in the world. This staff is not only expert in news presentations and economics, but its opinions are recognized and sought by the deaf everywhere.

In the **Silent Worker** they have sought to create a service. They have striven for a creation so founded in principles that it can live as a service—live so long as it abides in the laws of that service. It has been steadily improving and increasing its service to the whole country by reflecting the true position of the deaf.

Among the most appreciative readers of the **Silent Worker** are deaf men and women whose interests are in the deaf like themselves. Some are graduates of their schools and Gallaudet College, some are property owners, some are automobile owners, some are factory workers, printers, carpenters, farmers and store proprietors. Deaf leaders are found in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, Texas, California, District of Columbia, and the Carolinas. They boost the **Silent Worker**.

The **Silent Worker** holds a wealth of information vital to the deaf. It supplies the impetus to national and international relations of the deaf, not only in the form of news but by evolving new ideas and broadcasting successful methods in business enjoyed by the deaf. Its impetus reaches to every corner of our land.

The essential usefulness of the **Silent Worker** is found in the service it performs to the deaf of America in the gathering of first-hand and free-handed information concerning actual conditions and existing opportunities.

The real reason for the commanding position in journalism held by the **Silent Worker** is the fact that this organization is the originator of more than 90 per cent. of all interpretative information relating to the deaf alone.

The **Silent Worker** has long been recognized by the deaf world as the foremost exponent of timely news analysis. It publishes the facts first. It is one of the most widely quoted school papers in the country. Also its articles are widely copied by other school papers, and discussed by friends and enemies alike.

There are highly trained deaf reporters in New York, Illinois, California, Texas, Michigan, New Jersey, Kansas and Iowa, who devote part of their time to gathering news for the **Silent Worker**.

Information is presented to the **Silent Worker** readers in concise, understandable language, which points out the significance of the information as it directly affects the various interests of the deaf in this country.

The lives of the deaf, their love affairs, their disappointments and triumphs, form an interesting section of the **Silent Worker**.

Whatever the source, the **Silent Worker's** editors and experts comb the daily gist of news for the welfare and happiness of the deaf. The result is presented in a sparkling paragraph, brief but with all the essentials, as a magazine special—the whole making an invaluable column for the deaf's information and convenience.

The editorial page of the **Silent Worker** is the soundest, broadest and most fearless editorial page in the deaf world, touching financial, political and economic topics, and auto laws. Its editorials discuss the most important questions of the day, are instructive, educational, to the point, based on common sense and law, and are 100 per cent. American. They are just enough for the deaf to read.

The pages of the **Silent Worker** contain straws of interesting wit and humor, and a dash of pepper and salt from the literature and press of the world.

The writers and contributors to the **Silent Worker** are the boldest and fearless ones ever found anywhere. They are constantly advocating the combined system, and are ready at all times to make comments on any subject. Through the columns of the **Silent Worker** their criticism is based on constructiveness—to build up instead of tearing down.

These are the reasons why I am a **Silent Worker** reader.

THOS. W. HAMRICK, Jr.,
Shelby, N. C.

Teacher—"Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

Tommy—"Yes, ma'am. It's the driver."

Emily frowned on Louis and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
And then in spite the following night
The naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.



ATHLETICS

Sporting news of, by, and for the deaf will be welcomed by this department.

Edited by F. A. MOORE



Basket Ball Tournament In Indiana

By ARTHUR H. NORRIS



THE BASKET BALL TEAM representing the Illinois State School for the Deaf, by defeating the Wisconsin Deaf School team, 22 to 20 won the first Central States Deaf School Tourney held at the Indiana State School for the Deaf, February 27-28.

To get into the finals Illinois defeated the Indiana school 20 to 17, and Wisconsin defeated the Ohio school 26 to 18. All games of the tourney were closely contested as the scores will indicate. Lineups and summaries of the games are given elsewhere.

A consolation game was played between the Indiana and Ohio schools, and in this game the Indiana school was victorious, defeating Ohio 25 to 23.

The low scores made by all teams was due not to exceptional defensive work, but to poor basket shooting, all teams being "off" in this department of the game. The Indiana team was particularly off form in foul goal throwing. In the game with Illinois they caged only 9 out of 25 tries and in the game with Ohio 5 out of 20. Had they done better here there might have been a different tale to tell.

This four team tourney being the first to be held in the Central States was held more or less as a "feeler" to see whether such a tourney could be a success, and it was, financially and otherwise. It was so much of a success that plans have already been started by the Indiana school to hold an eight team tourney next year. The three visiting teams which participated in this year's tourney have signified their desire to return next year, and it is almost assured that the Michigan and Kentucky Schools will enter their teams. The first two schools outside

of this group to enter their teams will be accepted to complete the eight team affair.

The trophy this year was presented without encumbrance to the Illinois school, but the trophy for next year's tourney will become the property of the team which first wins it three times. This year's trophy was a silver basketball mounted on a silver pedestal and ebony base. Base and all, it is about eighteen inches in height.

In connection with the tourney a match game was played between the Ohio and Indiana girls' teams. A challenge trophy being put up on the game to be retained by the team winning it three times in succession. The Ohio girls put up a good game, but were no match for the Indiana girls who won by the score of 35 to 7. Indiana loses most of its girls' team by graduation this year, and inasmuch as Ohio retains most of its girls the trophy may change hands next year.

Superintendents Jones of Ohio, Smith of Illinois, and McManaway of Virginia were guests of the Indiana school and interested spectators at the games.

It is hoped that these tourneys may some day grow into an event of national prominence, and assist in bringing athletics in deaf schools to a higher plane. Were there a National Deaf School Athletic Association in which the athletic and physical problems of deaf schools in this country could be discussed there is no doubt, but that athletics would be assisted up into its proper place in deafdom. The financial considerations in staging games between deaf schools, eligibility rules, and many other problems which are now proving considerable barriers to successful interschool competition, could to some extent be eliminated. It is believed that the time will come when such an



INDIANA GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD, 1923-24

Left to right: Anna Cooper, Lucile Hayes, Florence Wright, Imogene Strahle, Lottie Hinkley, Mary Collins, Martha Trowbridge, Pearl Markley, Mary Monfreda, Ethel Mandel, Gladys Hedrick, Esther Johanning, Beatrice Miller, Reathe Gentry, Dorothy Jones, Isabelle Schaible, Helen Skelton, Miss Pfeiffer, coach.



INDIANA BOYS' BASKET BALL SQUAD, 1923-24

Left to right: Joe Rosie, Fred McGuire, Richard James, Santon Reposh, Fred Mann, Leonard Wills, Leon McCracken, Kenneth Bowman Robert Downing, Fred Miller, Edward Poska, William Wigmore, Earl Rensberger, James Downs, John Lutern, Bert Davis, Dan Uebelhack, Howard Paust, Manager A. H. Norris.

organization will make its appearance and when it does it will be a real value to deaf schools throughout the world.

LINEUPS AND SUMMARIES

Illinois 20	Indiana 17
R. Miller, Clarke.....	Rensberger, James, Lynch ..
Forward	Forward
Dillard	Poska, Rosie
Forward	Forward
Taylor, Krallman	Paust
Center	Center
Schrader, Rose	Miller
Guard	Guard
Crabbe	McCracken
Guard	Guard
Field Goals (Ill.) R. Miller 1, Dillard 1, Taylor 1, Crabbe 6,	
(Ind.) James 1, Poska 2, Miller 1.	
Foul Goals (Ill.) Dillard 1 out of 1, Crabbe 1 out of 3.	
(Ind.) James 4 out of 8, Poska 2 out of 7, Miller	
2 out of 4, McCracken 1, Paust missed 5.	
Wisconsin 26	Ohio 18
A. Spears	Katz
Forward	Forward
Wille	Liggett
Forward	Forward
F. Spears, Hirte	Hirth, Carmen
Center	Center
Braclaus	Hermann
Guard	Guard
Kastner	Kunovic
Guard	Guard
Field Goals (Wis.) A. Spears 1, Wille 4, Spears 6, Braclaus 1.	
(Ohio) Katz 3, Carmen 3, Hermann 1.	
Foul Goals (Wis.) F. Spears 2 out of 6, A. Spears missed 3.	
(Ohio) Katz 1 out of 1, Hirth 2 out of 6, Hermann 1 out of 3.	
Illinois 22	Wisconsin 20
Dillard, Rose	A. Spears
Forward	Forward
Schrader	Wille
Forward	Forward

Taylor	F. Spears, Hirte
Center	Center
Miller	Braclaus
Guard	Guard
Crabbe	Kastner
Guard	Guard
Field Goals (Wis.) A. Spears 2, Wille 4, Hirte 1.	
(Ill.) Dillard 3, Schrader 2, Taylor 2, Miller 2.	
Foul Goals (Wis.) A. Spears 1, Wille 4 out of 7, Hirte 1 out of 2.	
(Ill.) Dillard 1 out of 3, Miller 3 out of 6.	
Indiana 25	Ohio 23
James, Rensberger, Downing	Katz
Forward	Forward
Rosie, Miller	Hirth, Holdren, Carmen
Forward	Forward
Uebelhack, Paust	Liggett
Center	Center
Rensberger, Poska	Hermann
Guard	Guard
Lynch, McCracken	Kunovic
Guard	Guard
Field Goals (Ind.) James 4, Paust 1, Rensberger 1, Poska 4.	
(Ohio) Katz 1, Carmen 6, Liggett 2, Hermann 1.	
Foul Goals (Ind.) Miller 3 out of 4, Poska 2 out of 7, Rosie	
missed 5.	

o—o—o

ANOTHER KANSAS MASTER STROKE

We note in the list of officers and teachers in the Kansas Star:

GIRLS' PHYSICAL CULTURE

June Bishop

Charles C. Marshall, Assistant Coach

ART DEPARTMENT

Mary Murray

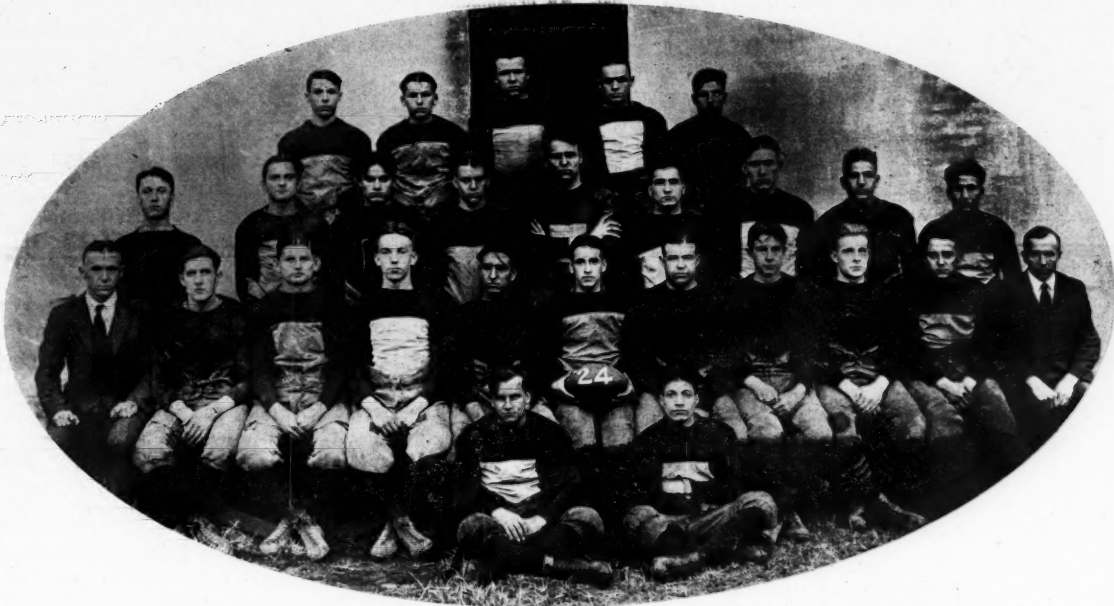
E. S. Foltz, Coach

Lucky Kansas lassies! Such a cultured individual as Marshall, what luck!

Art! O' Art, Folly to coach thy pupils, how fortunate! More glory to Kansas.

The New Jersey Football Team 1924

By GORDON B. ALLEN



First row—Left to right, Rosiejka, sub. guard; Pizzulo, sub. end. Second row—Left to right, Boatwright, mgr; Mannen, l. end; Lisnay, left tackle; Coene, right guard; Vincent, right tackle; Corrello, capt. and quarterback; Allen, r.h.b.; Hoberman, center; McBride, left guard; Tuma, sub. guard; Moore, coach. Standing row—Vardi, sub. tackle; Sabel, sub. end; Pernazza, sub. center; Rickenbrode, right end and full back; Trescott, sub. tackle; Melone, full back; Schmitt, tackle; Dondiego, sub. quarterback; Lowitz, sub. full back. Fourth row—Capasso, l.h.b.; Johnson, sub. end; G. Allen, sub. guard; Semancik, sub. end; Pappani, sub. guard.

Although winning only two games the 1924 New Jersey School for the Deaf football team closed its season with a commendable record. The Nujeds, as they are commonly known, won two games, tied six and lost one. They lost the game with Burlington H. S. at Burlington in a sea of mud by the narrow margin of 8 to 6.

The Nujeds opened the season with the Trenton H. S. The Trenton team expected an easy victory over the deaf boys as they had beaten them the season before. But the spectators were given a surprise party when the game ended in a tie 7 to 7.

Perhaps the hardest fought game of the season was played with the New Jersey State Normal School. Last season the Normal team won over the Nujeds 19 to 0 and were, of course, confident of getting the big end of the score in this game. But the Nujeds were determined that this would

not happen again—and it didn't—the game ended in a 13 to 13 tie.

Much of the success of the team goes to coach Joe Allen, who was the "brains of the team."

We trust that next year's team will turn out as good a record, as that of this season, or better.

Summary

N. J. S. D.	7	Trenton High School ...	7
N. J. S. D.	0	New Brunswick H. S. ...	0
N. J. S. D.	6	Lawrenceville Prep. ...	6
N. J. S. D.	13	State Normal	13
N. J. S. D.	33	Palmyra H. S.	0
N. J. S. D.	6	Burlington H. S.	8
N. J. S. D.	21	Newton H. S.	0

You, Too, Can Be a Life Member of Your National Association

Two-hundred seventy-nine members of the National Association of the Deaf hold life membership certificates. They receive all the benefits of membership, a certificate suitable for framing, and, if desirable, a reduction of 50 cents annually for life on the subscription price of the **Silent Worker**, one of the Official organs of the Association. Also they are NEVER sent statements for dues.

You, too, can be a Life Member of the National Association of the Deaf.

Ten dollars is the fee. It will bring you a life membership certificate, suitable for framing showing your standing in your Association.

For further information write to FREDERICK A. MOORE, Sec'y-Treas. N. A. D.,
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

OFFICERS

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*
358 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.

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17 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.



F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

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Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

EDW. S. FOLTZ, *Board Member*
School for the Deaf, Olathe, Kansas.

Condition of the Endowment Fund

As of February 20, 1925

RECEIPTS SINCE ATLANTA REPORT, AUGUST 1923

Sept. 15, 1923	Half-yearly interest on Third Liberty Loan Bonds, 4¼%, (\$2,000)	\$ 42.50
Oct. 15, 1923	Half-yearly interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bond, 4¼%, (\$500)	10.63
Jan. 1, 1924	Semi-annual interest on deposits in Genesee County Savings Bank, 4%	57.97
Jan. 16, 1924	Cash contribution of Atlanta Local Committee through S. M. Freeman	250.00
March 15, 1924	Half-yearly interest on Third Liberty Loan Bonds	42.50
April 15, 1924	Half-yearly interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds	10.62
April 23, 1924	From F. A. Moore, Sec-Treas., N. A. D., \$1,270 in Life Membership Fees and \$30 in dividends, Peoples Printing Co., Reading, Pa., 1,300.00	10.00
April 23, 1924	Culver Carpenter, Colorado Springs, Colorado, Life Membership Fee....	64.24
July 1, 1924	Semi-annual interest on deposits, Genesee County Savings Bank....	42.50
Sept. 15, 1924	Half-yearly interest on Third Liberty Loan Bonds	10.63
Oct. 15, 1924	Half-yearly interest on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds	30.00
Nov. 1, 1924	Dividend on 100 shares Peoples Printing Co., Reading, Pa.	500.00
Nov. 12, 1924	Received from A. L. Roberts, Pres. N. A. D., Stock Certificate No. 719 for 100 shares (\$5 per share par value) in the Peoples Printing Company, Reading, Pa.	102.18
Jan. 1, 1925	Semi-annual interest on deposits, Genesee County Savings Bank....	25.00
Jan. 30, 1925	Received from Robert V. Jones and Peter N. Hellers treasury balance of the Detroit Branch, N. A. D.	30.00
Feb. 10, 1925	Dividend on 100 shares, Peoples Printing Co., Reading, Pa.	

Total Receipts.....\$2,528.77

EXPENSES SINCE ATLANTA REPORT, AUGUST 1923

Oct. 5, 1923—J. D. Howard & Co., permium on Bond....	\$10.00
April 25, 1924—J. D. Howard & Co., permium on Bond 10.00	
Aug. 18, 1924—George H. Parks, auditing Books.....	5.00

Total Expenses\$25.00

INVESTMENTS SINCE ATLANTA REPORT, AUGUST 1923

Nov. 12, 1924—100 shares in Peoples Printing Company Reading, Pa.	\$500.00
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ASSETS

1 Third Liberty Loan Bond, 4¼%, No. 211571.....	\$1,000.00
1 Third Liberty Loan Bond, 4¼%, No. 208374.....	500.00
1 Third Liberty Loan Bond, 4¼%, No. 208375.....	500.00
1 Fourth Liberty Loan Bond, 4¼%, No. 320081.....	500.00
Stock Certificate No. 719 representing 100 shares in the Peoples Printing Company, Reading, Pa., (\$5 par value per share)	500.00
Cash in Genesee County Savings Bank, Flint, Mich..	4,891.66

Total amount of the Endowment Fund,

February 20, 1925\$7,891.66

The \$500 representing 100 shares (\$5 per share par value) in the Peoples Printing Company of Reading, Pa., came in the form of a stock certificate bearing the name of the National Association of the Deaf. It was given to the Association by Mr. J. C. Poole, a deaf man of Reading, Pa., and later of Los Angeles, Calif., before he died.

JAMES M. STEWART,*

Treasurer N. A. D. Endowment Fund.

408 West Court St., Flint, Mich.

Reformation of Organizer Staff

For some time past the President has been devoting considerable time to the reformation of the Organizer Staff of the Association. While many Organizers of the preceding Administration have consented to continue to serve, others have found it incompatible with their duties to do so.

New Jersey and Missouri have been divided into two sections each. R. M. Robertson, of Arlington, N. J., has been placed in charge of the northern section of New Jersey and J. Brady, of Camden, that of the northern section. W. H. Schaub, of St. Louis, Mo., will look after the eastern section of Missouri while Mrs. George Humpal, of Kansas City, Mo., will attend to the modern section.

Other changes are:

The New England States—Michael Lapidès for Stanley Light.

Arkansas—J. E. Purdum for M. M. Taylor.

California—Northern Section, A. W. Patterson for Mrs. W. Lester.

Colorado—H. E. Grace for Emmett Simpson.

Delaware—John A. Roach for G. S. Porter.

Illinois—Cook County, Thos. O. Gray for J. E. Purdum.

Kansas—A. L. Kent for E. H. McIlvain.

Kentucky—Gordon Kannapel for Edgar McV. Hay.

Oklahoma—Ted Griffing for Miss Yetta Baggerman.

Pennsylvania—Eastern Section, John A. Roach for H. E. Stevens.

Pennsylvania, Western Section—Vincent Dunn for F. R. Gray.

Organizers for several other States have not as yet been chosen. Appointments will be announced in due time.

THE RUBAIYAT OF MISERI MERG

THE PLAIN OF A "FOUR-FLUSH" OPERATOR

Give me a built-up, speeded keyboard, quick,
And I will hit the celluloids a lick
To wonder how it is I do the trick.

Add logotypes for double letters, too—
For "the" and "and," and such like things would do
To aid a man to pound a decent string.
I've wondered they don't make 'em; haven't you?

Oh, for some "mats," that one can stamp upon;
Or pass through furance when the day is done,
Yet ne'er a hair-line show, in all the print,
And through the channel plate will ever run;

Or else, perchance, to be of rubber, fine—
Expand, contract, conform to any line—
I in a word could squeeze, or leave one out—
I tell you, that would be a Klondyke mine!

Oh, for a spaceband wedge twelve picas wide,
With sleeve attached ne'er would fail to slide;
That I might send in every line so loose
That records I could smash, and more, beside.

Oh, for a mold that will not shear in two
The lower lugs of "mats," when I force through
A simple tight line that was meant to go,
But chokes the darned old channel plate a few.

Oh, for a fast and sure delivery slide
That like a cannon ball will swiftly glide
Into the elevator head with strenuous bang—
And scare the foreman half-way from his hide!

Oh, for a pump stop that will slip away,
And let each set cast a slug always,
Without my holding back the thing by hand,
When I would send a loose line into play.

Oh, for a pot that's neither hot nor cold;
That makes tight closure to the back of mold;
That gives one neither back nor forward squirts,
Though metal be retempered, new or old.

Oh, for a plunger that will always plunge
Without erratic hesitating lunge,
From binding in the upper part of well,
And not give slugs as porous as a sponge.

Oh, for an automatic thingamajig—
A trap our man—if any good—could rig.
That would that duty do, when I forget,
And drop into the metal-pot a pig.

If these conditions I could only get,
Some glimpse I'd have of being a swift yet;
But I can never hope, while here, to rise—
Machinist? He's a dunderhead, you bet!

—Inland Printer.

Architect Marr in Florida



Thos. S. Marr and Nashville friends sea bathing, Miami Beach, Fla., February 7, 1925.



Thos. S. Marr and H. G. Hill, Nashville, sea bathing at Miami Beach February 7, 1925.



Mrs. H. K. Bush and Thos. S. Marr, Miami, Fla., February 1925.



Thos. S. Marr and Mrs. Chester Erwin, Miami, Fla., February 1925.

OBITUARY



HARRY SANGER SMITH

Early in the morning of March 2, Harry Sanger Smith died suddenly of acute indigestion.

At the time of Mr. Smith's death he was instructor in printing at the Utah School for the Deaf, located in Ogden, and because of his reputation as a printer of more than ordinary excellence he was selected by the Chairman of the Industrial section to read a paper at the coming convention of Principals and Superintendents of the Deaf to be held in Cincinnati this coming summer.

The deceased came into prominence several years ago through his hunting and fishing stories in this and other outdoor magazines, on which subject he became an authority. He wrote under the pen name of "Bob White."

The deceased was born in Rosemont, New Jersey, a small hamlet on the Delaware River, about forty-five years ago. His hearing left him when he was about twelve years old, at which time he was placed in the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

Being an exceptionally bright lad he was placed in the printing office shortly after Mr. Porter took charge. The office then was a small affair located in the main building and it was here that he was well grounded in the fundamentals of typesetting and presswork. Among his "case"-mates were Wallace Cook, Charles T. Hummer, Marvin Hunt and others who to this day stand out as shining examples of what the New Jersey School has done and is still doing for the pupils entrusted to its care. At first little Harry remonstrated at being compelled to learn the type case thoroughly before he was allowed to set type, saying that where he lived he "made pig pens for a dollar a day." But finally he was convinced by his teacher that if he mastered printing he would make much more than that.

So he stuck and when he graduated he obtained work in Trenton printing offices and elsewhere and began to attract the attention of printers by the excellence of his typographical executions.

Mr. Smith became a member of the Typographical Union and divided his time between printing and hunting and fishing. One summer, while camping along the Delaware River near Lambertville, he contracted sciatic rheumatism and found it necessary to go to Colorado Springs for relief.

Here he started in the confectionery business and got married after divorcing his first wife, but continued his interest in printing in the meantime. His second wife died, then he sold out his confectionery business and came East. For a time he worked in the *Trenton Times* office as "ad" man, taking a two-months course in linotype operating at the New Jersey School for the Deaf, during his spare time.

But he was too much of a lover of the out of door life so he heeded the call of the West and returned to Colorado Springs. Here he mixed printing with camping, hunting, trapping, fishing, and writing stories of his adventures for the magazines, not forgetting the *SILENT WORKER*.

Finally he drifted to Ogden, Utah, accepting a very attractive position with one of the finest printing offices in the West. And now we come to the closing chapter of his life. A strike of the Union was called and Mr. Smith walked out with the strikers as he was strong for Unionism. Wearying of the long siege of idleness, he was persuaded to accept a position at the Utah School for the Deaf as printing instructor. That was two years ago, but during this brief time he made the *Utah Eagle*, the school's magazine, one of the very best from a typographical standpoint.

During the last Christmas holidays Mr. Smith got married for the third time, spending the honeymoon in California.

Mr. Smith retained his speech to a remarkable degree and was well liked by his associates. He was appreciative and often wrote letters thanking his old teachers. The last letter to the *SILENT WORKER* was dated February 21. In it he mentioned the fact that he had been real sick for a week with indigestion.

Those of our readers who have read his stories in the *SILENT WORKER*, and those who knew him intimately will miss his departure from this world for he was in his prime of life and had a brilliant future.

PENNILESS MUTE COUPLE PLAN DEATH BY STARVATION

GETTYSBURG, Feb. 21—Rather than tell their neighbors of their plight, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Houck, of this city, deaf-mutes, silently vowed they would meet death together by starvation, it became known today.

They have lived here several years. They have no children and no near relatives on whom to call for assistance. During the week they spent their last few dollars, earned through many hours of hard labor by Mr. Houck at a shoe-maker's last.

A visit to their home today revealed that they had no coal, had not eaten solid food in several days and that both were on the verge of collapse. A public subscription was started which tonight had amounted to several hundred dollars.—*Public Ledger*.

HOLLAND WILL SEND DEAF TEAM TO PLAY FOOTBALL IN BELGIUM

AMSTERDAM, Holland, Jan. 14.—A sporting league exclusively for the deaf has been formed simultaneously both here and in Rotterdam. The members will specialize in football and a match between Amsterdam and Rotterdam elevens has been arranged for next Easter Monday. From the two deaf teams a national eleven will be selected which is to meet a Belgian team of deaf players at Antwerp next May.—*Trenton Times*.

LONG HORNS

By TROY E. HILL

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING



WHEN our friends are dead and gone we sadly reach down in our jeans and send an order to the florist to fix up a floral offering for us in order to show our feelings of love and respect for a departed friend, but while living we are content to just greet him with a merry hello, how'r you today? That's good, take care of yourself. I am going to try to give flowers to the living—that is, say a few words in praise of friends who are able to appreciate it.

I have selected my first article on this subject, one whom I believe to be the oldest living deaf resident in Dallas. Although not a native Texan, he lived in Dallas longer than any of the present residents and justly deserves any word of praise I or anyone can give him.

Albert B. Kingon was born in Marion, Iowa, in 1863, and attended school at the Illinois School for the Deaf in Jacksonville, Illinois. He first came to Dallas in July, 1878, at the age of fifteen years, and has spent most of his life since then in Dallas. For a few brief periods of time he has lived in St. Louis, Mo., and other towns, but it has been Dallas that he has labored and raised his family, and Dallas is his home. Mr. Kingon is married and has three fine boys, all living, and all being perfectly normal. The photo-reproduction reveals to the readers a handsome young chap of probably 25 years of age, but it is the only picture of Mr. Kingon that could be secured and will have to do.

Mr. Kingon has passed through three serious panics, and loves to dwell upon the events of his long and useful life. "Smiling Al," as he is known to his intimates, has at all times fought life's battle honestly and is now reaping his just reward, in that he has his own home, a happy family and is still active



ALBERT B. KINGON

and able to work. In a recent newspaper account of the Old Timers in Dallas, Al was listed as having one of the longest service records, he having been forty-five years continuously in the service of the La Trinidad Cigar Company.

It is said that "Smiling Al." is the direct opposite to Buster Keaton, that is, where the famous Buster Keaton has never been known to smile, Al. has never been known to frown. One won-

ders where he gets his cheerful spirit, you can always find him smiling, no matter how the world treats him, and no doubt he will tell you that he is happy because he is and always has



Frank Rebal Gallaudet '21, T. E. Hill Ex '21, and Ted Griffing '24, taken between halves of the football game played at Gainesville, Texas, on Thanksgiving Day.

lived a Christian life. To see Alfred smile and to talk with him one cannot help but smile too, and as Alfred goes forward through life, ever spreading sunshine where he goes, we know that when the time comes to go West, Al. will meet the issue with the same old smile, never faltering on the way. May we have his companionship and friendship with us in Dallas for years to come. The writer can never see Al. or talk with him without thinking of his favorite poem which is as follows:

*"No matter how this old world goes,
It's mighty hard to beat,
You get a thorn with every rose;
But aren't the roses sweet?"*

SOME STATE, SON, SOME STATE

Last summer, while attending the Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, at St. Paul, Minn., the writer got into an argument with a brother frat, hailing from the Sunny State of California, as to the merits of the two states. A recent article in the Hearst International, by Irving S. Cobb, brings back this argument to mind, and we feel like letting off a little steam about this great and glorious state of ours. To quote Cobb:

"There is hope for the Republic when so sizeable a corner of it goes on breeding such men as these cowmen are, and such men as their children after them must be. Not even the college or the finishing school can entirely spoil the sons and daughters of such a stock. Let the pauperizing aliens of Europe keep on pouring in, long as this strain recreates itself, there's hope for the old-fashioned American ideal in government.

"Why, daggone it, if the foreigners should swamp this country until there were left in Texas but two adult males of this stock, one of 'em would be governor and the other would be chief of the rangers."

Talking about the size of Texas, Cobb says about every other person he would meet would approach him something like this:

"Say, listen, you know of course that this is the biggest state in the Union. Well, I just want to tell you that's not all—we do things here on a big scale. For instance, we've got one cattle ranch—it belongs to a woman too—that's so big that it's a hundred and fifty miles from her front door to her front gate." Other things that Cobb says are that El Paso County is bigger than the state of Connecticut. Texas is greater in area than the British Isles and the erstwhile German Empire combined; that its borders would encompass the aggregate expanse of all the New England States with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and Delaware. She has a timbered tract as large as Massachusetts, a cotton patch in the black waxy country as big as all of Ohio, a grazing belt as large as Pennsylvania, more wheat lands than either of the Dakotas, more corn lands than there are in Illinois. In fact, Cobb goes on to tell almost all there is to tell about Texas. But to get back to my argument with my California friend, here is the way it went:

California Frat. "How do you people get that way?" he asks, "I admit that your state has a wonderful area and it certainly requires a wonderful area to contain all of your arrogance. Indeed, I understand that Texas assumes to be the greatest state in the Union."

Oh, no, Brother Frat. It doesn't assume to be—it is!

There are only two things worth mentioning in the world that Texas does not contain and those are the North and the South Poles.

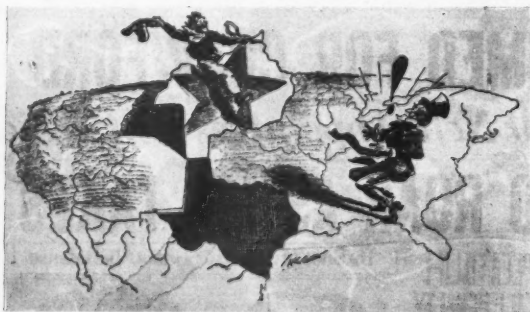
Texas occupies all the continent of North America except an ornamental ruffle of so called states—including California—to the north and a rosette called Mexico to the south.

It is bounded on the east by all the oceans in the world except the Pacific; on the West it is bounded by the Pacific and most of the sidereal universe.

Under Texas is a subterranean sea of natural gas and pure petroleum. Above it is most of the sky and all of the major constellations.

Texas is so big that the sun, in five hundred million years, has never been able to travel over it in less than a day, and when it has finished its journey, it is always ready to set.

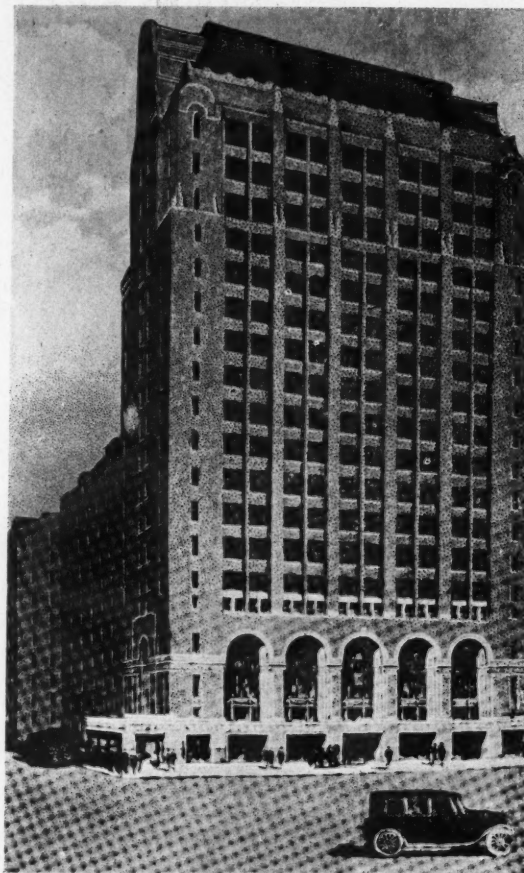
State senators and representatives, elected from the border counties, travel for months to reach the State Capitol at Austin, and are paid millions of dollars in mileage fees alone.



"Flip Texas Over and You'd Bury Minneapolis." McCutcheon's illustration in Hearst's International, one of Irvin S. Cobb's startling statements of his laudatory article on the Lone Star State.

The United States with Texas separated from it would look like the tail of a dog with the dog amputated.

A map in order to convey any idea of the magnitude of Texas, would have to be tattooed on the hide of the largest elephant, the tail and trunk being sufficient for the rest of the states in the Union.



SAN FELIPE BUILDING, DALLAS

Unless your front gate is at least 18 miles from your front door, you cannot claim to belong to the first families of Texas. Mrs. King's gate is 150 miles from her front door and she is thinking of moving her house back so that she will not be annoyed by the passing automobiles.

Texas grows enough cotton every year to wrap California in a winding sheet three miles thick.

She has enough timber and horses to supply a chariot and four for all California's risen dead on resurrection morning.

If all the hogs in Texas were one big hog he could root California into the sea with three roots and his squeal would make the thunders of Niagara sound like a chicken with the pip.

If all the steers in Texas were one big steer, he could stand with his front feet in the Gulf of Mexico, his hind feet in the Bay of San Francisco, and brush the lulu birds off the Golden Gate with his tail.

If all the he-men in Texas were one man, he could carry the soil of California around under his finger nails. The glory of Texas, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken aurora borealis.

On the streets of Ft. Worth you will encounter a man who looks like Frederick Remington drew him and Emerson Hough wrote him. He may be dressed as you and I, but beneath his masking garments you can tell that his loins are slim and his paunch is indented and he walks those crowded concrete pavements with the rolling bow-legged gait of one who properly belongs to the saddle, yet less than 35 miles distance in Dallas, you will have the idea that you are in New York, when you cross the million dollar viaduct and see the skyline that is second to New York only, and the people are of the metropolitan breed also.

In Texas you can grow any variety of fruit and vegetable that grows anywhere else. The climate of Texas matches that of any part of the United States. If you want a warm climate all you have to do is hop a rattler and beat it to South Texas, where California's climate is not only matched but outdone. Where California produces grapefruits, Texas produces them seedless, and of a superior quality. If a person desires a cold climate and wants snow and ice, and other reminders of his northern home, all he has to do is hop another rattler and go to the western part of Texas in the Pan Handle where a Texas norther would make a staid northerner wish he was back in Chicago, or other northern parts where it was not so cold.

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There is talk of the Illinois School for the Deaf playing Kansas and other state schools up in the North, but for Texas School for the Deaf to play its nearest rival, the Oklahoma School, it would be necessary for the boys to travel over 500 miles, and Austin is near the center of the State.

Poor old California! Look on Texas and weep.

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For the May issue of the WORKER I am going to try and have an article about San Antonio, Texas, the cradle of Texas Liberty and Independence.

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Oklahoma School for the Deaf put out a fine football team last fall under the guidance of Frank Rebal, Gallaudet, '21, and Ted Griffing, '24. While the complete record of the team is not available, it won the majority of its games. The writer, together with about twenty other Dallas deaf boys, had the good luck to see them play their Thanksgiving game with Gainesville (Texas) High School. The deaf boys arrived in town at about 2 o'clock, ate a hasty dinner, and started the game at about three o'clock.

Receiving the kick-off they gained 65 yards on the return when an old criss-cross was used, then taking the ball on straight football they scored a touchdown in less than three minutes, but before the first half was up they were completely worn out. Hav-

ing made the long trip the same morning and a heavy dinner just previous to the game they were physically unable to cope with the heavier Gainesville team and finally lost 28 to 13. The Gainesville team, however, will tell you that they had no easy



The picture taken just one second before the deaf boys scored their touchdown, shows clearly the beautiful work of the deaf linemen in opening holes, as just a fraction after snapping the picture Brady came roaring through the opening at the man taking the picture. Brady's head is visible, while the referee can be seen following the play, the deaf quarter back still has his hands outstretched where he has handed the ball to the runner.

time, for though outweighing the deaf boys at least fifteen pounds, they could not stop the line plunging of Brady and Hamontree, two of the Oklahoma backs. These two boys never failed to gain, when given the ball, but were worn to a frazzle in the last half.

Noted Artist to Marry Teacher

In an announcement made in this city today of the betrothal of Miss Beatrice Latta, of Sacramento and Phillips Lewis, noted California artist, is woven a romance of unusual charm and interest.

The association of the two young people, which has continued through several years of separation, during which time both were devoted to the pursuit of special educational interests, began in the era when they were childhood schoolmates in Oakland.

Noted Artist

Lewis, who is the son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Irving C. Lewis, of this city, is an artist of renown. After studying first under Xavier Martinez at the Berkeley School of Arts and Design, he became a pupils of Armin Hansen, of Monterey, later going to Europe, where considerable time was spent in study under masters of the Old World.

His canvases are listed by modern critics as among the outstanding productions of foremost western artists. He is to give an exhibition next month in Palo Alto, presenting 40 or more of his recent works on that occasion.

Recently the young man was honored by the Commercial club of San Francisco. One of his large canvases was purchased by that organization, precedence being given to it over a large selection of the works of older artists.

Kin of Pioneer

The young man is a grandson of J. W. Phillips, pioneer California capitalist, and his family have been prominently identified with the social affairs of the bay region for many years.

Miss Latta is a girl of many accomplishments, and is herself a former student of the Berkeley School of Arts. Following the completion of her studies she has been teaching in Kansas City and New Orleans, and but recently returned to California, the engagement announcement coming as a culmination to the year's correspondence with young Lewis.

She is at present the guest of Mrs. Mary Phillips Easton, of Jackson street, Oakland, an aunt of the bride-elect. A number of affairs have been planned in her honor by friends of the Lewis and Easton families.

A delightful studio in Claremont, where Lewis was recently host to half hundred guests, following his return from a trip to Australia, will be the home of the couple following their wedding, which has been scheduled for next May.—Oakland Post-Enquirer.

FOR SALE

Religious Essays, written for the Deaf. Silent Worker print. Fifteen cents in stamps. Refund if dissatisfied. Rev. O. Schroeder, 2204 Bunts Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gallaudet College

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



T was with much pleasure to receive such a distinguished visitor as Rev. Mr. Herbert Gallaudet, the eldest son of the founder of our college on February the first. He was attending a convention of missionaries in Washington, but he appeared in the Chapel pulpit before the students on Sunday afternoon to give an address. Dr. Hall interpreted. Mr. Gallaudet's talk was inspiring.

On Saturday evening, the seventh, the informal mid-winter dance was given in the young men's refectory. Instead of those on which eight dances were to be entered, programs introducing twenty-four dances and allowing no cutting in, were brought into practice for the occasion. It turned out a great success, and everyone declared that such an evening as this one was immensely enjoyed.

Sunday afternoon, the eighth, was passed in the observance of a concert, given by the Freshman Class in Chapel. William Landry opened the concert with a prayer. Marie Parker recited "I Will Go Where You Want Me" in very graceful signs. William Johnson gave a talk, "The Work of Missionaries." Peter Stewart rendered a hymn, "I Was A Wandering Sheep." A collection was made, amounting to about thirty-six dollars, which went towards supporting our adopted war orphan in France. Dr. Ely closed the concert with a prayer.

Friday evening, the thirteenth, the Senior Class had charge of the Literary Society Meeting, which was held in Chapel Hall. Mr. Charles Falk took as a subject for his reading "The Scarlet Plague." Mr. James Beauchamp defending the affirmative side, and Mr. Benjamin Yaffey, supporting the negative side, introduced a debate, "Resolved that the Child Labor should be amended to the Constitution of the United States." The debate over, Harry Danofsky and John Penn participated in a dialogue, "Looking into the Future."

On Saturday evening, the fourteenth, the Co-eds clashed with the George Washington University Sextet in a fast game on the latter's floor. During the first half the score was 13-8 in favor of the opponents, but in the last half the Gallaudettes steadily rallied, and Captain Kannapell, I.f., astounded the university players by scoring 14 points alone for Gallaudet. Finally the game came to a deadlock 22-22.

On the same evening, the Gallaudet College Athletic Association had its annual banquet in the young men's refectory. The menu consisted of:

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP		SALTINES
	MARYLAND CHICKEN	
CREAMED PEAS	CELERY	POTATO FLUFF
FRUIT SALAD		OLIVES
	SALTED PEANUTS	
BLACK WALNUT CREAM		ANOLAS

Cafe Noir

On the program for the occasion were James Beauchamp, '25, Toastmaster; Professor Skyberg, "Test and Contest;" Charles Falk, '25, "Character in Athletics," and Byron Burnes, '26, "The Inside of the Outside. Dr. Hall and Rev. Mr. Bryant also gave short talks.

Sunday afternoon, the fifteenth under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, with Robert Fletcher, '26, presiding over Congressman Algood from Alabama spoke to the students in Chapel. Dr. Hall interpreted. The congressman's address won the admiration of the students for the reason that it revealed the speaker's sincere respect for his deaf brother. He related many interesting incidents which occurred to his brother.

Tuesday evening, the seventeenth, the members of the Senior

Class were guests of the Young Men's and Ladies' Bible Classes of the First Presbyterian Church at John Marshall Place, N. W. The main purpose of the presence of the Seniors at this organization was to give a demonstration of the work at Gallaudet College at Rendall School under the direction of Professor Skyberg and Miss Ely, teacher of the primary department at Kendall School. Besides these two teachers. Professor Peet made a talk on the sign-language, illustrating signs occasionally. Emma Sandberg rendered "Yankee Doodle," and Charles Falk recited "America." After the programme, the Seniors were introduced to the members of the church, and soon conversation by means of pad and pencil helped to break the ice. Then refreshments were served. The evening passed quite delightfully.

Thursday evening, the nineteenth, Professor Hughes entertained the students by giving a number of reels of Educational Series in Chapel. They were especially interesting. They illustrated the marvelous development of the Muscle Shoals project during the World War, and showed the whole process of manufacturing powder for ammunition.

Saturday afternoon, the twenty-first, the Co-eds trounced their old-time rivals from National Park Seminary, Forest Glenn, at a return game on the home court. The Co-eds were rather off form for the most part of the game, though Captain Kannapell, our trump card was able to score twenty-two points. The opponents were too strong for them and they could not match themselves to their agility. The result was 40-28 in favor of the Forest Glenners.

The evening of the twenty-first marked the climax of the social events for the month of February. The O. W. L. S. presented its annual entertainment to the public in Chapel Hall. This affair drew a large attendance of Kendall Greenes as well as many outsiders from Philadelphia, Baltimore and other points.

Immediately after the curtain rose, Emma Sandberg, '25, stately attired in a white robe, rendered "The Marseilles" so gracefully that the audience was enthralled with awe. Estelle Caldwell, '27, and Victoria Godzionkowski, P. C., furnished a splendid Spanish Dance. A pantomime, "The Story of Pierrot," as then so delightfully and quaintly performed. In the cast of this performance were: Pierrot, Dorothy Clark, '28; Louise, the little milliner, Imogene Price, P. C.; Pochinet, the innkeeper, Myrtle Nelson, P. C.; Tifine, the vamp, Marie Parker '28 Julot, the villain, Edythe Czibun '27, and Little Pierrot, Gladys Hansen, '28. This pantomime was the best feature of the programme, and the players left a vivid expression on the audience. Mary Dobson, '25, President of the O. W. L. S., signed the of the pantomime, and Miss Peet interpreted. Following the pantomime, familiar quotations were introduced:

lowing the pantomime, familiar quotations were introduced:

1. Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death.

Liberty—Fern Newton '27

Patrick Henry—Florence Mason P. C.

Death—Ida Hanson P. C.

2. Mad as a March Hare. Dance

Emma Sandberg '25

Dorothy Clark '28

3. Blessings on thee, little man,

Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan.

The boy—Mary Kannapell '27

4. 'Tis the last rose of summer

Reaper of the flowers—Oleta Brothers '27

Roses—Rhoda Cohen '25; Estelle Caldwell '27; Claire Crockett P. C.; Victoria Godzionkowski P. C.; Sarah Bowser P. C.; and Imogene Price P. C.

The program was so well-balanced and of a great variety that compliments were showered without hesitancy on the girls who participated in the entertainment. The settings were beautifully and artistically arranged.

The observance of a holiday was passed on the twenty-third. In the evening to while away time, two pick-up teams, the Buff and Blue staged an entertainment in the gymnasium. The Buff team was supported by Massinkoc, Scarvie, Byouk, Dickson, and Pucci while the Blue team consisted of Wallace, Miller, Clark, Strauss, and Reneau. The game was so hot that the score "see-sawed" and tied several times, finally the Buffs won by the score 25-21.

Wednesday afternoon the Co-eds' Basketball second team easily defeated the girls from Rendall School when they met on the former's court for a game. The score was 24-11.

The last regular meeting of the Literary Society Meeting for the second term was held in Chapel, Friday evening, the twenty-seventh. For reading, Rev. Mr. Henry J. Pulver delivered two tales, Kipling's "Wee Willie Winkle" and Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death." The first story drew rounds of hearty laughter from the audience, but the second made many persons shiver as though ice water was pouring down their backs. Mr. Pulver's exceptionally remarkable description of scenes from the Masque of the Red Death was the most masterful and graphic many persons ever saw. For a debate, "Resolved that the general public is misinformed on the subject of Socialism," was introduced with Walter Krug '27 and Chester Mlynarek P. C. on the affirmative side, and Barney Golden '27 and Robert Wilson P. C. on the negative side. A dialogue, "Mike and Al" was furnished by Birtus Turner '28 and Benagh Warren P. C. Charles Killian '27 delivered "March." Mr. Fred Connor '23 acted as critic.

Saturday evening the twenty-eighth saw the close of the Buff and Blue basket-ball season. The Gallaudettes encountered their ancient rivals from George Washington University for a return game on the university floor. During the first half, they were well under way though the score was tied several times. But in the second half the opponents began to outplay the Greeners and break up practically every pass of the Buff and Blue. Finally the score was 21-16 in favor of George Washington.

Recently the Greeners received a visit from Mr. Alvin E. Pope, superintendent of New Jersey School, who is now recognized as a welcome habitue of Gallaudet. He had attended a convention for the promotion of the speech and lip-reading in Cincinnati, and upon returning to Trenton, he was a guest of President Hall for several days.

The O. W. L. S. is a very proud possessor of an invaluable, old book, "The Child's Book of Bible Stories," which was given to them as a Christmas gift by Jay Cook Howard, '95. This book was written by the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and belonged to the grandfather of Minnie Mickle, wife of Howard, herself an Owlet. Needless to say that the addition of such a book enriches the O. W. L. S. library.

Radio Sermon is Heard by Deaf

A group of deaf persons seated in the picturesque Watschung Congregational Church, Upper Montclair, heard the voice of a preacher who as miles distant yesterday afternoon.

Bert Bonnell, of the Western Electric West Side shops, Jersey City, who attended the demonstration, explained that these persons, who ordinarily could hear the voice of a speaker close beside them only with much difficulty, were enabled to hear the sermon and the music by means of the equipment known as audiophones. By means of these the

handicap imposed upon those persons afflicted with deafness is removed and sounds that otherwise would be inaudible to them are made distinctly audible.

Robert Hatfield, an official of the Western Electric, made the arrangements for vesper services by radio. He had a loud speaker and a radio receiver installed. The latter picked up from the WEA the program given by the Bedford Branch of the Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, beginning with the music at 3:45 o'clock and including the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman's address.

The program was amplified by the public address system operated by Paul T. Sheridan and uniformly distributed throughout the church. Thus the congregation in Montclair heard the services just as easily as the assemblage in Brooklyn. The deaf members sat in the pews equipped for their special use.—*Jersey Observer*.

The Chefo, China School



THE school year just closed has been in some ways the most interesting in the history of the work for China's deaf children. In another way it has been the most critical year, owing to the fact that half of the support of the school must come from the deaf or their friends in Christian lands.

In September we moved into the beautiful new recitation hall and faced the problem of increased expenses without the aid of Mrs. Mills' facile pen to make new friends for the school in western lands. It has been a source of deep gratitude and inspiration to find, in the letters which have reached us from time to time, evidence that the friends who have been most faithful in past years are loyal still to the work for Chinese deaf children and the aim of the Chefoo school, which is to prove to the Chinese that the deaf can be taught.

Within a year letters have been received from nine provinces. Twenty different people, writing us of twenty-three deaf children whose friends want them to attend school. Seven of these "silent children" are girls. Two of them live in Canton, two in Honanfu, and the others in Kiangsu, Hupei, and Fukien Provinces. The sixteen boys are as widely scattered. One boy, only eight years of age, is in a Mission hospital recovering from the amputation of one leg because he did not hear the train coming which caused the accident. The surgeon in charge wrote: "This little boy will have to become a beggar when he leaves the hospital unless he can be sent to school."

When the Church of China learns that the deaf form the only class in the world who *must* have schools before they can understand anything of the Christian religion, and that there are no less than 400,000 in that class, then, there will be increased opportunities to train teachers from other provinces who will reach a greater number of these helpless children. An earnest effort has been made to portray the need of such schools in Southern, Central, and West China, by letters to the missionaries who are interested in special children begging them to club together and send a suitable, hearing teacher here for training. Several of the brightest children could accompany the teacher and on returning would form the nucleus of a new school.

Early in the year, six hundred copies of our 1923 report were mailed to friends of the school, many of whom have helped towards its support, of that of the foreign workers, in past years. Two hundred and eight letters have been written during the year with the hope of keeping up the interest in our "pathetic charges", as one friend termed them, among the people in the homelands who know how to sympathize with the "shut-in-soul" of a deaf child.

Several schools for the deaf in America have printed ex-

tracts from our last report in their school papers, and THE SILENT WORKER printed it in full, with illustrations. At least three editors commented on the limited means on our disposal and the need for increased support. In one paper we read with joy these words: "Our boys and girls have organized a 'Helping Hand Club' and we shall surprise the Chefoo School soon with our first annual donation." Many such gifts are made up of pennies and ten cent pieces which represent real sacrifice, with the hope of providing for the human need of a Chinese deaf child who could not attend school without help from some source.

This has been a record year of faithful, efficient service from both teachers and helpers. No one has been off duty more than three days for sickness, weddings, or funerals, and we have had all three of these events in our school family. The wedding was that of our Boys' School supervisor. This man has served us in various capacities for ten years and all the boys have found in him a "big brother" when they needed one. The funeral was that of our much loved "Wang Shien Djiu," a little hearing boy six years old. His father has been steward at the school for many years and the mother is sewing woman or cook as necessity demands. "Shien Djiu" was born at the school and for the first few weeks of his life he was cared for by the older deaf girls who learned to bathe and dress him in "foreign fashion." He was living with an adopted aunt in order to be near a school for hearing children when he was taken sick, and before the word reached us he had breathed his last. There is evidence that he had scarlet fever, as another child in the family developed the disease a few days after.

Although our deaf pupils escaped having contagious diseases like diphtheria, scarlet fever, and measles, which were all about us, they had their share of influenza. One of the brightest boys in school had "flu" soon after he returned from the summer vacation and again in February. Due to the kindness of the Mission doctors at the Temple Hill Hospital an x-ray picture was taken and that showed tuberculosis in one lung. It grieved us to send this bright, attractive boy back to his poor home, but there was no other way to protect our well boys from the danger of contracting that dread disease. We are indebted to each one of the specialists at the Hospital for treatments, examinations of new applicants or for visits to sick children. Trachoma and "bad ears" are now almost a thing of the past in our school.

In manual work we have endeavored to train each child for some special place in the home, with due regard for their health while they are in school. The older boys have taken entire care of the recitation hall and their dormitories under the direction of their supervisor. Several boys have worked in the carpenter shop five hours a week and taken their turn with the cleaning brigade most cheerfully. Each boy has learned something about the weaving of baskets and reed verandah shades. The girls have had sewing, lace making, cooking, and home-making, after school hours and their daily walk. Both boys and girls have had a little plot of ground to plant as they wished. Radishes, lettuce, and peas found favor with all of the children, but wallflowers, geraniums, fig trees, and other shrubs, were given great care, and many little plants were carefully taken up, when school closed, to be transplanted at the home in the country.

Saturday afternoons and holidays were given over to organized play, walks on the hills, or gathering sea food on the rocks when the tide was out. There is no reason why we should have a dull girl or boy in school if plenty of play mixed with study and work under competent teachers will prevent it.

No education is complete that does not teach how to live contentedly and to economize nerve energy.—*Mary Roberts Smith.*

New Jersey Press Association

TRENTON, Feb. 17—With addresses by such noted public men as Governor George S. Silzer and the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes, Cadman, of Brooklyn, featuring the luncheon, and a business session brimful of topics pertaining to the welfare of the journalistic field in this state, as well as of general public interest, the annual mid-winter session of the New Jersey Press Association held here yesterday at the Stacy-Trent Hotel was one of the largest in attendance and most successful in the long history of the organization.

Under the leadership of the association's officers and committee in charge the day's activities were run off with a bang. Dr. Cadman's address stood out as a brilliant resume of the relationship of the New Jersey newspaper publishers to the affairs of the day and Governor Silzer called upon the editors to take up for discussion the vexing problems which confront the state government.

Senator President Birght, of Cape May, and Speaker of the House Powell, of Burlington, also made brief addresses, and the entire membership of the present Legislature graced the occasion with its presence. Governor Silzer took occasion to say that this would be his last year in the Executive Chair and he wanted to express to the press of the State his appreciation for the treatment that its members had accorded him.

"Sometimes I think I deserved it, and on other occasions you have been very generous," was Silzer's happy comment on the newspaper support he has received.

Dr. Cadman pleaded for "journalistic power charged with intelligence." The Four Estate must be kept in shape. He likened it to monopoly which should not abuse its privileges and strength. The net judgment of observers is that "journalism is a dangerous business charged with great responsibility," said the speaker.

The press, said Dr. Cadman is the guardian of the glorious English language, and its motto should be "What positive good can we accomplish for civilization." He declared it to be more powerful than the pulpit, despite the fact that there are five hundred eminent preachers known to history as compared with less than fifty journalists, "You can reach the great common mind, which we cannot reach," said the minister.

He urged the New Jersey newspapermen to be courageous and paid a stirring tribute to the editorial page of the *New York World* for attacking present day morals of the American stage. Avoid "cynicism" was his warning.

"If you can't laugh yourself hire someone who can and put him in your office," was one of the telling shots of the speaker. "The American People are passionately idealistic underneath the surface," was another thought.

Governor Silzer, who put a recommendation for \$2,000 in the annual State Budget to establish a course in journalism at Rutgers College, was thanked by President R. E. Lent, of the *Passaic Daily News*, for this action when Mr. Lent, as toastmaster of the luncheon, introduced the Governor. Senate President Bright told the editors of his fight for economy in state government and Speaker Powell pledged his support for the school of journalism appropriation.

The Governor engaged in a little repartee with Mr. Birght over state policies and then told of some of his efforts to reduce the costs of government.

"I vetoed an appropriation for a state yacht last year and then the Legislature passed the item over my head," he declared.

The Executive asked how many editors had read his annual message and then discussed some of the state problems which he thought the New Jersey Press Association members ought to take up and let the public hear about. Among them were

enumerated the water problem, city zoning for residential purpose, an educational survey, development of Rutgers as a State College and coast erosion.

At the business session in the morning Carl Woodward, of Rutgers, reported on the success of the last Newspaper Institute and his attendance at the Chicago meeting of the Instructors of journalistic schools. Ranging from methods to curb the crime wave to the best ideas on circulation and advertising boosts was the field of topics embraced in the two round table discussions. William B. Bryant, of the Paterson *Press-Guardian*, led the one held for the dailies and D. H. Moreau, of the Hunterdon County *Democrat*, that of the weeklies. Many helpful hints and suggestions on newspaper methods were received as experiences were exchanged by the publishers.

The Committee in charge of the mid-winter meeting and luncheon announced it was the largest gathering of association members ever held. In addition to President Lent, the others members of the committee were John W. Clift, *Summit Herald*, W. B. R. Mason, *Bound Brook Chronicle*, respectively secretary and treasurer of the organization and Mr. Bryant.

A membership of over two hundred of the state's publishers and editors was announced and resolutions of felicitation were ordered sent to Samuel L. Garrison, of the *Boonton Bulletin*, and Eugene K. Burke, of the *Hackensack Republican*, both of whom have reached the age of 80. Mr. Burke was reported "still on the job." John Z. Demarest, of the *Tenafly Record*, chairman of the Association's Legislative Committee who is ill, received the sympathy of the members in another resolution and the hope for a speedy recovery. Resolutions of condolence were read on the death of Walter J. Lee, of the *Westfield Leader*. Among the new members announced were Lionel Scheurer, of the Amusement Publishing Company, Atlantic City, Alva E. Lamberton and Ernest H. Smith, *Morristown Jerseyman*, George W. Swift and Elmer E. Stanton, of the *Elizabeth Journal*.

For his efforts in establishing the Newspaper Institute, Mr. Woodward was presented with a handsome gold watch by President Lent on behalf of the association.

The schools at Peking and Hangchow, which are the offsprings of our school, being under the management of teachers trained here, report progress and increase in the number of pupils. During the winter a teacher came from Moukden to receive intensive training in methods for teaching the deaf children he has gathered into a small day school in Moukden. He received his first inspiration to try teaching the deaf from a visit to the school in Peking.

School closed with forty-six pupils in attendance, thirty-five boys and eleven girls. Thirteen of this number were new admissions during the year, and the five who entered in September, with the opening of school, did remarkably well. Two of them, a boy and a girl, were using the Chinese brush pen at the end of eight months and writing their daily journal in legible ideographs before school closed in June. The other children did fairly well for the length of time they were under instruction.

Five of the older pupils, three girls and two boys, who have been in school nine and ten years, finished the course with their June examination and certificates were given them to that effect.

The last week in May two days were set apart for special exercises and a demonstration of what each class had accomplished in language, speech and lip-reading. Ninety members of the Foreign Community responded to our invitation, and sixty-five Chinese guests, many of whom were representative men sent by the highest officials in the city. Great enthusiasm was expressed for the work done by the

deaf pupils, and many pleasant and interesting speeches were made by the guests.

No report would be complete without mention of the Bible teaching which has been carried on daily in all the classes. The older children frankly acknowledge their faith in Christ and their desire to be like Him. At the Chinese New Year two of the boys were found writing to their parents urging them not to worship idols and to believe in the true God.

We close this report with this message to you. Let us not forget that during Christ's life on earth He did not pass the deaf child by but especially singled him out for one of His miracles of healing.

Fail to Revoke License of Deaf Man

EXAMINATION MADE AS RESULT OF COMPLAINT REVEALS MAN AS SAFE AND CAREFUL OPERATOR

Though deaf and dumb, Michael Hamra, a printer of 64 Summer street, was allowed to keep his automobile driver's license after being arraigned on a complaint before Deputy Motor Vehicle Commissioner Geveneue here today.

Some person, whose name officials refuse to disclose, reported the man as being unfit to drive a car. However, he produced evidence to show that he had been driving for two years and that he never met with an accident.

Hamra, who is president of a local chapter of the Society for the Deaf, answered questions in writing, after reading his questioner's lips.

"I think this man has a better record than some normal people," the commissioner declared. He then rode in a car while the man drove.

A. R. Teta, official of the Ideal Printing Company, said that Hamra was possessed of an uncanny ability to detect faulty mechanical movements by vibration, saying that the man could tell when the paper jammed in a press without hearing the warning bell. He said Hamra was paid a higher rate of remuneration for his services as a pressman than normal employees.

Commissioner Geveneue said that he knew a man who was stone deaf, but who was so sensitive to vibrations that he never raced the motor of his automobile and that he could detect when a cylinder was misfiring.

"I believe this man is more cautious than the average driver, simply because he has to be. I'll let him keep his license."—*New Haven (Conn.) Times-Leader*, Feb. 19, 1925.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE

It costs nothing, but creates much.

It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed, or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anybody till it is given away!

You use sixty-five muscles of your face when you frown, and thirteen when you smile.

Why waste energy?—*Ex.*

Deaf-Mute Children in Greece

A CHANCE FOR AMERICANS TO HELP AT
SMALL COST

BY MABELL S. C. SMITH



HERE are 4,000 deaf-mute children in Greece today.

It adds to the pathos of this situation to know that nothing is being done about them by the willing but impoverished Greek government. That is one thing that must wait, they say, while they feed the refugees that have added a sudden 20% to the population and get them established on the land or in employments. Those are the big things to be attended to at once—details will come later.

So that all that is offered today to aid the deaf in Greece is



A few members of the class of deaf-mute children cared for by Near East Relief in Athens.

the maintenance by Near East Relief, the Congressionally chartered philanthropic organization, of a class for a dozen boys and girls, Ottoman Greek and Armenian orphans. Miss Elani Palatidou, who received her training at Clarke Institute, Northampton, Massachusetts, is in charge.

The youngsters learn eagerly and quickly by the lip-reading method. They study speech and speech-reading, the language being Greek, arithmetic, writing and drawing. For future self-support the girls are taught to sew and the boys to make and repair shoes. By a recent arrangement with a master wood carver some of the boys will be taken on as apprentices to acquire his profitable craft.

The work with these under-privileged boys and girls is invaluable. It turns morose, unhappy, dull children into eager, delighted young people, ambitious and with fine *moral*. The economic service to the State is unquestioned as these unfortunates will never become public charges. The success has been so great and so quickly achieved that it is heart-breaking to think of the hundreds upon hundreds of other children who have not been rescued in similar fashion.

And the cost is so little. At present Miss Palatidou is the only trained teacher of deaf-mutes in Greece. The chief expense in doing for the unapproached thousands of deaf children what has been done for this class of a dozen is the training of teachers. Miss Palatidou is training one student-assistant, Miss Aglais Michelidou, who is making good progress in her profession. If special gifts of \$10 per month per student should be forthcoming to cover the cost of training it would be easy to give the same training to others. No more worthwhile service could be done for these afflicted children than to train a body of young women to be their teachers.

That step taken it surely would not be difficult to secure a guarantee of a sum sufficient to cover a salary of \$60 a month for a stated number of years.

Near East Relief would provide the children and furnish the schoolrooms and equipment.

Further generosity might finance these selected children each at \$100 a year, a sum that provides food and shelter, this specialized teaching and training for self-support. Surely no philanthropic group could do a finer piece of intensive good work and at a smaller cost!

Inquiries addressed to Laird Archer, Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, will be welcomed.

Birthday Surprise

Miss Albena Klinski, of Lawrence, Mass., was tendered a surprise party on January 31st last, the occasion being her 25th birthday. She was the recipient of a number of very handsome gifts, after which a luncheon was served. The table was decorated with a large birthday cake and pink flowers. Mrs. Matthew H. Yokela had charge of the affair. Among those present were:

D. Parent, Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon, H. Call, A. Eaton, G. Broadbent, Miss Annie Kilinski, Andrew Kilinski, J. Zoluenmas, M. Panebianco, Miss A. Silverman, Raymond Paretz, Miss E. Hayes, B. Salntis, C. Fredevick, all of Lawrence; W. Mac Neill, C. McCord, S. Henry, M. McGeever, S. Wardman, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lucky, H. Bilodean, D. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiley, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Yokela, Mr. and Mrs. B. McMahon, Mrs. E. Coughlin, all of Lowell; Mr. H. A. Graichen, E. Jellison of Salem, N. H.; Miss Mary Brennan, of Haverhill; Miss M. Belanger, of Methuen; R. Jordon, of Brookline; Miss E. Cowpesthwait, of North Andover; D. Gondreault, of Manchester, N. H.; J. O'Neill, of Charlestown; Bob McCarthy, of Dorchester; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Carlisle, of Nashua, N. H.; Fred Mayville, of Vermont.

Nose-Dive for Deafness

A distinct improvement was claimed by Joseph Kling, a garment worker, of Brooklyn, after being carried through perilous two-mile nose-dives and other evolutions in an army aeroplane at Mitchel Field, as a possible cure for his deafness.

According to a New York correspondent, Kling announced that he could "hear things he never heard before," in a letter which Major William Hensley, junior, commanding officer of the field, made public. Kling also said that the reason he had stated previously that he felt no better for the flight was his extreme nervousness.

Kling suggested that he would like to try a parachute descent soon as a further experiment, and Major Hensley indicated that he would permit the trial, though Captain Charles A. Pfeffer, medical officer, pronounced Kling's case hopeless because organic.

Thirty letters have been received at the field from deaf persons since the trial flight, the Major said, several announcing that their affliction was due to shock. Medical officers believed their cases would be much more susceptible to the shock of a plunge through the air.

"Why is a wine bottle and Ireland alike?
Because they both have a cork."

"Why is a cow and a dime alike?"

They both have a head, a tail and two sides."

Who's Who in the Deaf World

Note—This completes the list of "Who's Who" in the SILENT WORKER. The work of sifting and arranging the names for the contemplated book will soon commence and the printing will be started as soon as possible next fall. There are still many deaf persons deserving a place in the book who have not sent in data and it is hoped they will respond without further delay. The deaf must co-operate if they want to see a book published that is as nearly complete as it is possible to make it.

HARRIS, JOSEPH ORRIE. Born Dec. 19, 1873, at New Liberty, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. Lost hearing at age of three months from a cold in the head. Has no deaf relatives. Cannot speak or lip-read; good writer and good sign-maker. Attended the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, graduating in 1896. Learned the printing trade there. Attended Gallaudet College 1896-97. He then worked on a farm in Iowa, trying to become a farmer, but gave it up after a few years and went to Des Moines, Iowa, where he worked as a printer about two years; was compelled to give this up too, on account of poor health. He was one of the eight active deaf lobbyists in Des Moines, in the winter of 1904, in strenuous efforts to have the School for the Deaf removed from Council Bluffs to Des Moines. The bill nearly won before the Appropriation Committee of the Legislature, the vote standing 9 to 7. They were instructed for this service by the Iowa Association of the Deaf. Urged by his sister, he came with her and her family to Los Angeles, arriving on Dec. 11, 1906. After alternate indoor and outdoor employment, he was put in the steady employ of the Department of Public Service, on June 11, 1917, and is still working for them, and this outdoor work has benefitted his health. Charter member of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, was a non-resident member of Chicago Division No. 1, May 1905—Jan. 1910. Founded Los Angeles Division No. 27, on Jan. 12, 1910, with ten members including himself. Served as Secretary of the Division for 1910 and 1911, and at the recent election was elected Secretary for 1925. State Organizer for California May 1, 1910 to August 1, 1912. Delegate to Columbus, Ohio, Convention of the N. F. S. D. July, 1912. Has served as director twice and also as trustee two years; Vice-President of the local division 1915; President of same 1918; charter member of Los Angeles Silent Club, which is now six years old; head trustee of same 1922. Life member of the National Association of the Deaf; member of the Iowa and California Association of the Deaf; twice President of the Iowa-Nebraska Association of Southern California and a member of The Public Service Employee's Association of Los Angeles. He remains a bachelor. He is a good example of a self made man, as he has supported himself since he was seventeen years old.

UNDERHILL, B. A., ODIE WILLIAM. Born Oct. 8, 1887, near Raleigh, N. C. Teacher, Florida School for the Deaf, St. Augustine. Home address: Nelma Terrance, St. Augustine. Fair speaker; poor lip-reader; excellent signmaker. Attended North Carolina School for the Deaf, Morgantown, N. C., 1894-1913; Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., 1903-1908 (B. A.); Member Kappa Gamma Gallaudet College; N. F. S. D.; N. A. D.; Gallaudet College Alumni Association, North Carolina Association, Florida Association; Florida Educational Association. Lost hearing at three from catarrh (total). Married in 1909, to Ross May Long (deaf). One hearing child. Held following positions: Physical director, supervisor Kansas School for the Deaf, 1908-09; in sawmill business, 1909-1911; printer, 1911-1912; teacher (literary and printing), Florida School for the Deaf, since 1912; also supervising teacher Manual Department and faculty director of school athletic teams; associate editor *Florida School Herald*:

business manager *Buff and Blue*, 1905-07; associate editor, 1907-1908; manager Gallaudet College baseball team, 1906-08, when Gallaudet won the greatest number of victories in history; on G. C. football varsity, 1906-08; organizer and first president of Florida Association of the Deaf, 1917-1920; vice-president Gallaudet Alumni Association of the Deaf, 1917-1923; first vice-president National Association of the Deaf, 1923. Made a tour of inspection to schools for the deaf in the mid-west and north and east, March, 1924; on entertainment committee Gallaudet College Alumni Reunion, Washington, D. C., 1907; N. F. S. D. convention Atlanta, Ga., 1921; N. C. School Alumni reunion, Morgantown, N. C., 1907; conference of Superintendents and Principals of American Schools for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla., 1924.

"Mr. Williams, Tailor"

BY BOB WHITE

"There goes Mr. Williams, who once was successful, and incidentally one of the richest deaf men in a western State. Tho a humble tailor, he used to drive around in a powerful car when his acquaintances could hardly afford to."

The above is an excerpt from the article, "The Trade Magazines and Your Future," appearing in the January issue of the SILENT WORKER.

Mr. Wenger, author of the article, is one of Utah's most versatile and intelligent young men; a close student of human nature, a philosopher and one possessing all the qualities which put him in a position to know what he is talking about.

It happens that we are well acquainted with "Mr. Williams," having known him several years, and are well versed in his "ups and downs."

At one time, "Williams'" yearly income was over \$8000; had the finest automobile of any deaf man in the State, toured the coast, visited the Exposition in San Francisco, spent money right and left, never dreamed of the proverbial "rainy day." His thoughts were of today; "the devil take care of tomorrow," as is the case of so many of us.

Prosperity ruined him. It made him reckless.

Business at the little "Tailor shop" on Prosperity avenue began to decrease. Williams became uneasy and wondered why he was "slipping" back.

Just around the corner, "Jones," another "tailor," was always busy—had to hire extra help, and, when "Williams" passed that shop he invariably cast an envious glance in that direction, and wondered—wondered why he was not getting as much business as "Jones."

On the other hand, "Williams" is making a brave fight, to overcome his present difficulties, but it is an uphill fight, and one that requires great courage and tenacity of purpose. any men under such stress would have given up long ago.

The assertion that "Williams" never read his trade journals is a mistake, as he has been taking one or more of them for several years. But whether he reads them or not is something I cannot tell.

"Self-made failures" are everywhere. We are constantly rubbing elbows with them.

Several years ago, while one of our deaf young men was laboring in one of the state's leading Universities, working day and night to get an education, denying himself of many of the things which go toward making life worth while. He was ridiculed by one of his schoolmates, as, at that time, Smith was earning the munificent salary of \$15 per month, while Jones was getting \$8 per day.

Today "Smith" makes as much in a hour as "Jones" does in a day, and his job is good only eight months in the year, while "Smith" hardly has enough time to call his own.

THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Henry Pflaum, old and deaf, frustrated a payroll robbery in the plant of his employer in New York City on December twenty-seventh. He did not hear or notice two youths who entered, held up his six companions and demanded the payroll until one of the robbers poked a pistol into his ribs. Pflaum, instead of putting his hands above his head, ran to a window and shouted. A clerk in a neighboring office heard him and blew a police whistle. The robbers were arrested.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Mr. Bert L. Forse secured work as photographer on one of the popular tourist excursions to the Mediterranean Sea—sailing on the *Laconia* on the 31st inst. He goes as one of the 600 excursionists enjoying everything—and while on board will be busy in a dark room. Mr. Forse graduated from the Colorado School for the Deaf and also attended Gallaudet College. At one time he was asked to accompany a pilot in an airplane to take photos. He conducted a photo studio in Poughkeepsie, New York, for years before returning to Washington.

The Rev. Warren M. Smaltz's name was recommended by the Faculty of the Central High School of Philadelphia to the Board of Public Education of the Philadelphia School District for the award of the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Under a law of this state, the School District of Philadelphia is authorized to award such degrees through the Central High School. It is the only instance in our country where a public school is authorized to award academic degrees, though the practice obtains in some German schools. The degree will be conferred upon Mr. Smaltz on Friday, the 30th. He also received the degree of B. A. from the same school from which he graduated in 1916. Last May the Philadelphia Divinity School conferred upon him the degree of S. T. B. Congratulations!—*Mt. Airy World*.

The John B. Stetson Company, hat manufacturers, well known all over the country, distributed \$530,000 worth of gifts to 5000 employees just before Christmas. The awards included 380 hats, 2525 turkeys, 1108 pairs of gloves, 1760 pounds of candy, 37 watches and chains, 225 shares of John B. Stetson Co. com-

mon stock, 290 shares of J. B. Stetson Company Building and Loan stock and \$5000 life insurance policies. Mr. John A. Roach was awarded a gold watch and chain for faithful service for 27 years. Mr. Roach heads the list of employees which is given in the order of their length of service with the Company: Edward Metzel, Edward Ormsby, Alex. S. McGhee, John Mowbray, John C. Robinson, Robert L. Browne, Miss Margaret Donohue and Miss Nippon.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wood on West Hartford Street was the scene of a pretty wedding on the morning of January 10th, when Mr. Robert Wood and Miss Mary D. Deem were united in marriage by Rev. Charles Dohn, of Clayton. Only near relatives of the contracting parties, and a friend or two, witnessed the ceremony. A brother of the groom and Miss Hattie D. Deem, sister of the bride, served as bestman and bridesmaid. A sister of the groom officiated at the piano.

The rooms were tastefully decorated with a variety of flowers and potted plants. A buffet luncheon was served after the ceremony.

The wedding presents were numerous and costly, attesting the esteem of a large circle of friends. The newly married couple took the noon train for a wedding trip to New Orleans. Before returning they will visit in Jackson, Miss., the former home of Mrs. Wood, whose father, the late Charles Deem, for years was an instructor in the State School for the Deaf located there. Mrs. Wood is a graduate of the Normal Department of Gallaudet College, and taught in the Maryland, the Kendall and Tennessee Schools for the Deaf, before her appointment to Gallaudet School during the principalship of the Rev. Dr. Cloud. Mr. Wood is a valued employee of the St. Louis Terminal Rail Road Association. The couple will make their future home in St. Louis.—*St. Louis Column, Journal*.

OTTO JONES PASSES

Otto Jones, of Paducah, red-headed wanderer and "dead-beat," known in half the states of the Union for shady practices was killed by a train at Calvert City, Ky., on the 27th of January. He had just alighted from a freight train that had taken a siding and was standing on the main track when a fast Illinois

Central passenger train rounded a curve and was on him before he knew it.

Otto's life was a tragedy. He ran the streets from early childhood, and picked up innumerable objectionable habits and tendencies therefrom. Members of "the gang," found in every large town, thought it a joke to teach the little "dummy" some new piece of mischief, so he became accomplished in disreputable practices. Even those who wished to be kind contributed to his undoing—they gave him money frequently and in doing so taught him to look to begging rather than to honest work for the wherewithal to satisfy his wants.

When he was six or seven years of age he was brought to this school, and attended for several sessions. We failed in the attempt to make a useful citizen of him, because the twelve weeks of vacation neutralized the training given the rest of the year. We might have won the fight had he not been taught to beg; he found that he did not need to live by the sweat of his brow, and after leaving us he put in very few days of honest work. He went down rapidly, and at the time of his death had a prison record in a score or more cities. No tears will be shed for Otto, and yet we are tempted to wonder whether he was not, after all, as much sinned against as sinning.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

LOUISVILLE DEAF ORGANIZE NEW CLUB

January 2, 1925, saw the Louisville Silent Athletic Club supplant the Silent Branch of the Men's Club of Cathedral House. We can say without fear of successful contradiction that this is a good thing for the deaf of the three Falls cities—it will bring the deaf together more often in the future than in the past in the form of socials, lectures, athletic contests, etc.—it will also lure the young deaf men away from the evil influences of cheap dance halls and pool rooms and draw them closer together for the improvement of their physical, mental and spiritual welfare.

The officers of the Club are John H. Mueller, President; Gordon Kannapell, Vice-President; J. William Ferg, Secretary-Treasurer; Roy Hertz, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Charlie Reiss, Chairman of the Recreation Committee.

The admission fee is one dollar, dues are 25 cents per month. These receipts go toward the Building Fund—we have great hopes of a Club House all our

own, patterned after the magnificent Silent Athletic Club of Chicago. Those interested in joining, should get in touch with the Vice-President and the Secretary-Treasurer, who comprise the membership Committee.

They propose to enter a team called "The Louisville Silents" in one of the local hearing leagues next winter, composed of: John H. Mueller, Manager; Gordon Kannapell, Captain, Messrs. Clipp, Reiss, Scott, Huber and Wesley.

Whatever good the deaf of the Falls Cities have derived from these two years at the Men's Club, is a silent tribute to the efforts of Mr. J. H. Mueller. He was quick to see the lack of athletic get-together-ness among the younger deaf and was quicker to get them interested in the Club. From a small beginning, a big ending.—Ky. Standard.

EDMONSON CIRCUIT CLERK, DEAF, WINS TWO CAMPAIGNS

The *Courier-Journal* of January 26th printed on its first page a picture of Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Webb, of Brownsville, Ky., together with the following story:

GLASGOW, KY., Jan. 25.—Edmonson County, a sister county of Barren, not only boasts of having Mammoth Cave, one of the seven wonders of the world, but also of having the only office holder of the State who has made two successful campaigns and never made a speech or uttered a word as to the qualifications of the opponent or himself.

He is Roy Webb, present Circuit Court Clerk of Edmonson County, who is now serving his second term and who has been a deaf-mute since he was six years old.

Born in Brownsville, the county seat of his county, February 25, 1885, he suffered an accident from falling from a sled while coasting, when 6 years old, and so injured his spine that his hearing was destroyed. At the age of 8, he entered the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville, and was graduated from that institution at the age of 15.

In 1904 he entered the Circuit Clerk's office under W. D. Spillman, and four years later was married to Miss Hettie Wells, Edmonson.

In 1916 he entered the race for the nomination of Circuit Court Clerk and after the campaign against one of the most popular men in the county, who had served as clerk, he won the nomination. The second race was made against a returned veteran of the World's War, a popular young man, but again Mr. Webb was victorious and won the nomination by a good margin.

Mr. Webb is himself a Republican and most of his relatives are Democrats, and with a solid Republican vote and his relatives on the other side, it was not deemed worth while to run a candidate, and in both general elections he had no opposition.

While totally deaf, Mr. Webb does all the work himself except during court when he has a deputy to swear witnesses and jurors.

Mr. Webb has one hobby, the Kentucky School for the Deaf at Danville, which he thinks is the most important institute in the State, and he is

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ready to praise that institution. He is a ball fan and often drives forty miles to witness a game.—Kentucky Standard.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO PLAYED DEAF

Last summer a writer for the *Danville Messenger* had the following story of an incident that occurred several years ago. In its main features the story is correct. The little girl's identity had been a puzzle to the officers of the school, but she seemed to be a sure enough deaf child and therefore in need of instruction by methods used with the deaf, so she was duly enrolled, and efforts to find her people were made, but these proved unsuccessful. She paid our school quite a compliment,—she cried when she had to leave. The *Messenger* says:

It seems that the custom of the Kentucky School for the Deaf is to send out its teachers to central school centers in different parts of the state and there collect boys and girls who might wish to avail themselves of the privileges of the Danville school, for transportation here under the matron's or professor's care.

During one of these trips, a certain teacher from the school here was careful to count her charges carefully before boarding a train at Louisville with them. She counted twenty-one. Later, after the train had started and the young people were settled comfortably in their seats, she decided, just for the sake of certainty, to make another count. This time, strangely enough, she tabulated twenty-two.

However, since she had certainly not lost anyone, the matron dismissed the discrepancy in her figures from mind, taking it for granted that she had overlooked one child in her first count.

The party reached Danville, and the children duly entered in their classes. Three months went by. Then at dinner one day, a lady matron was astonished almost out of her wits, to hear one of the little girls, supposed to be deaf and unable to speak, suddenly ask, in a clear, timid voice: "Please, can I have a drink of wa—" She caught herself, but it was too late; the ruse, which had worked so successfully for almost three months, was revealed.

The little girl, it appears, had been unhappy in her home in Louisville, and discovering the group of deaf children in the station one day, she had decided

to try passing herself off as one of them. And amazing as it may seem, the tot had kept up the strange illusion all those weeks undiscovered.

When the school officials suggested returning her to her home, she at once burst into scared tears. Therefore, after several conferences, it was agreed to entrust her to an orphanage in Louisville, since it was revealed her home life could not be what a little girl of her age should have.—*The Kentucky Standard*.

"DEAFNESS IS A GREAT BLESSING"

By H. W. COLLINGWOOD

The day's work was done and we were cooling off on the porch in front of Benson's house. You take two deaf men together and put them down where no one can interrupt them and somehow they can make each other understand, where a deaf man and one who can hear a pin drop would flounder about in misunderstanding. I never could tell just how we did it but somehow Benson and I always made each other understand and we usually had a good visit together.

Across the road from us a man was running a lawn mower over a little stretch of grass by the side of the house. Somehow to my notion he seemed to carry the look of a worried or hunted man, surely not as carefree and hearty as my friend Benson. As is quite usual with the imaginative deaf man, I began to wonder what trouble had run a lawn mower over that man's feelings. We were not long in doubt. Out of a side door there suddenly bounced a woman of ample proportions and more than ample energy. She stood on the side steps and pointed a terrible finger at the "lawn punisher." There is only one thing more exasperating for a man, be his ears good or bad, than for a woman to shake her finger in that way, and scream at him, and that is for her to look out of a window and do it. I am enough of a lip reader to get a good idea of what this woman was saying.

"Now, Mr. Jones, you ran right over that flower bed and I know it. What a blunderbuss you are! Not another word from you, sir, you come in the back way and eat your supper and then you come out again and trim that border. What's that you say? Lodge night? I want you to understand, sir, that you

lodge right here tonight and not another word out of you."

Jones walked meekly to the back door while the woman continued her tirade.

I glanced at Benson, his face was wreathed in the broadest smile I have ever seen.

"Folks say deafness is an affliction," he said, "Yet, if I had had good ears, I would have been the dog over yonder chasing around to the back door after a bone. Deafness saved me from that. Who wouldn't be deaf?"

Sitting there in the cool of the evening, he told me about it, and I pass the story on to you for what it is worth. It may be of value to some of my younger readers.

It seems that Benson's deafness came to him early. At 25 his hearing was quite bad. He was fairly prosperous, and like many another deaf man he felt that a wife would be more than a companion to him. It is hard for a woman to be "eyes" for a blind man, but much harder for her to substitute ears for a deaf man, because since the deaf are able to see, and often with acute vision, they are likely to be suspicious and even intolerant. Some deaf men realize this and feel that they should not marry, but Benson wanted help and love and a family and after some study it seems that he settled upon Sarah Gray, as the "only girl."

Now, I have made something of a study of the psychology of friends and what is commonly called falling in love, and it has led me to some curious conclusions. Is it possible to learn the true character of others without hearing the full tones of their voices? I question it, for it seems to me that the voice must betray more character than the eye or the carriage of the body. Be that as it may, Benson had convinced himself that Sarah was the "only girl"; smart, capable and full of life. On the Saturday night when this little comedy was worked out he had come fully prepared to settle the matter by making his proposal. He ran over his list of assets as he walked over to the farm where Sarah lived. Most deaf men forget their assets at such a time and can only think of their great liability, but very likely Benson was more hopeful than most of us are.

Those were the good old days of the kerosene lamp and the little parlor was lighted by a Rochester burner, but there was a shadow in the little parlor; it was cast by Harry Jones, a smart, flippant clerk in a dry goods store. In point of character and substance, Jones was not "worth the little finger" of Benson, but he had good ears and this put Benson at a complete disadvantage, for well you know how some smart unscrupulous fellow can make a deaf man appear like a dunce or a bore. It was not long before the lively Sarah began to think that it would be like a continuous funeral to pass her days with this silent man and no one to listen to her flippant talk.

And then, as they sat there, the kerosene lamp began to flicker—it was going out. It had sucked up the oil to the last drop and Sarah called for Bessie to come and fill the lamp.

Bessie! Benson had noticed her going silently about the house, a trim, little brown-haired woman who somehow reminded Benson of a plump quail. Some

sort of a poor relative she was, doing housework for her keep.

But the lamp burned low, and after a search in the kitchen, Bessie found the oil can empty. There wasn't a drop in the house and the old folks had taken the lantern away to the Grange meeting and so Bessie put on her hat and started across the fields to borrow a quart of oil from a neighbor.

The lamp flickered for awhile and then began to smoke. Then smart Henry Jones stood up with a leer and blew the lamp out.

"Might be an explosion," he grinned. Well, now perhaps you can imagine what it means for a deaf man to sit in a dark little parlor under such circumstances. Here were the "only girl" and the hated rival hidden somewhere in the darkness. He knew not where. He could not hear the mysterious rustling, the whispers and the giggles. He could not well walk about and hunt for the girl in the dark—there was no sound to guide him.

Bessie was gone just ten minutes but it seemed like ten hours to Benson sitting there in the dark.

Bessie finally filled a little tin lamp which she found in the kitchen, lighted it and brought it in. There sat Henry and Sarah on the sofa with that expression of satisfied, foolish happiness which seems to be a standard symptom of all lovers when they become engaged. They had taken advantage of Benson's deafness, and while he sat helpless in the dark, they had settled their love affair to their satisfaction and the impudent Henry reached one arm around Sarah and waved the other at Benson as he shouted:

"Say, did you ever get left?"

I think Benson would have struck him had he not seen Bessie's face as she stood in the doorway holding her little lamp. The poor relative, working for her keep—and yet, her face was so aflame with love and pity that a great wave of understanding swept over Benson. Here was the girl for him. Loyal and sympathetic and beautiful—a girl who, like himself, carried a great trouble in her lonely life. Here was love, constant and true. Why had he not noticed it before? So Benson sprang to his feet and ran to Bessie's side.

"Take her and welcome, Henry, I know her now. Here's my girl—the only one there is."

Benson told me his story as the twilight slowly sank around us. The man across the way was down on his knees digging weeds out of the driveway. The woman sat on the porch with a sharp eye on him.

"There they are," said Benson finally, "Henry and Sarah. That is the way they live and if I had not been deaf that night, she would have bossed me just as she is bossing Hank—as for me. . . ."

A plump little woman with brown hair and face like a Madonna came out of the house carrying a baby. She put it in Benson's arms and then stood smiling down at them and Benson sat rocking the baby. After a while he turned to me and said as he reached out for Bessie's hand:

"I will tell you one thing—deafness is a great blessing."—*Volta Review*.

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MARRIAGES

September 3, 1924, at Oklahoma City, Okla., Mr. Ady Gallegher, of Streator, Ill., to Miss Amy Killian, of Hugo, Okla.

June 28, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., William G. Thompson to Miss Catherine M. Doolin.

October 29, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., Robert J. Robinson to Marian L. Wildermuth.

December 20, 1924, at Ogden, Utah, Harry Sanger Smith to Miss Theo Osborne.

December 25, 1924, at Canandaigua, N. Y., George A. Robinson, of Wolcott, N. Y., to Hazel Reed.

December 27, 1924, at Syracuse, N. Y., Florence Martha Thayer to George Michael Siebert, of Kalamazoo, Mich., where they will reside.

BIRTHS

June 28, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Percy Eisenhard, a boy, named George Lewis.

September 18, 1924, at Philadelphia, Pa., to Mr. and Mrs. Morris Goldman, a girl, named Sylvia Leah.

December 19, 1924, at Los Angeles, Cal., to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Larson, a girl.

January 3, 1925, at Anaeontes, Wash., to Mr. and Mrs. Tupper, a 7½ lb girl.

January 5, 1925, at Syracuse, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sears, a girl.

January 12, 1925, at Utica, N. Y., to Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Hughes, a girl.

February 12, 1925, at Newark, N. J., to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Blake, a daughter.

February 21, 1925, at the Maryland School for the Deaf, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McVernon, a boy. The mother was, before marriage, Marion Harmon.

DEATHS

March 18, 1924, at Cedar Falls, Iowa, W. J. Clark, aged 59, from pneumonia.

_____ at Rochester, Minn., Arnold Ward, of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

June 29, 1924, at Doylestown, Pa., John G. Matthis, aged 78, of apoplexy.

September 21, 1924, at Allentown, Pa., Melvin Dries, aged 23, of brain fever.

October 19, 1924, at Syracuse, N. Y., Herman John Welch.

January 3, 1925, at Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Eva Sullivan Kowald.

February 2, 1925, at Ogden, Utah, Harry Sanger Smith, aged _____, of indigestion.

February 19, 1925, at Philadelphia, Pa., Thomas J. Breen, aged 67, of Pneumonia.

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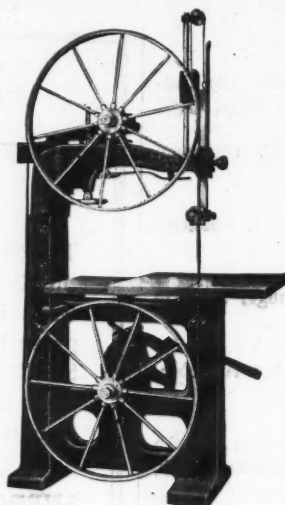
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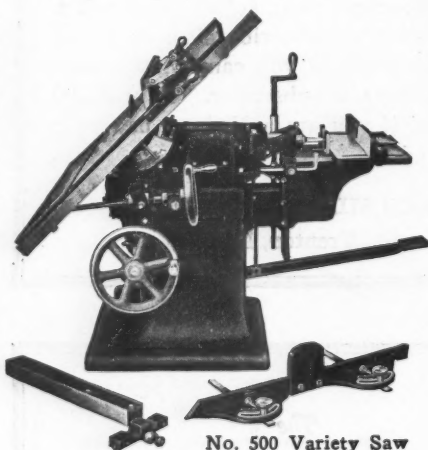
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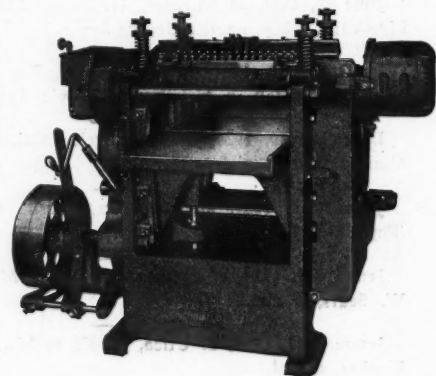
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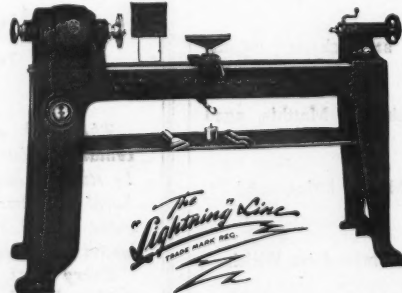
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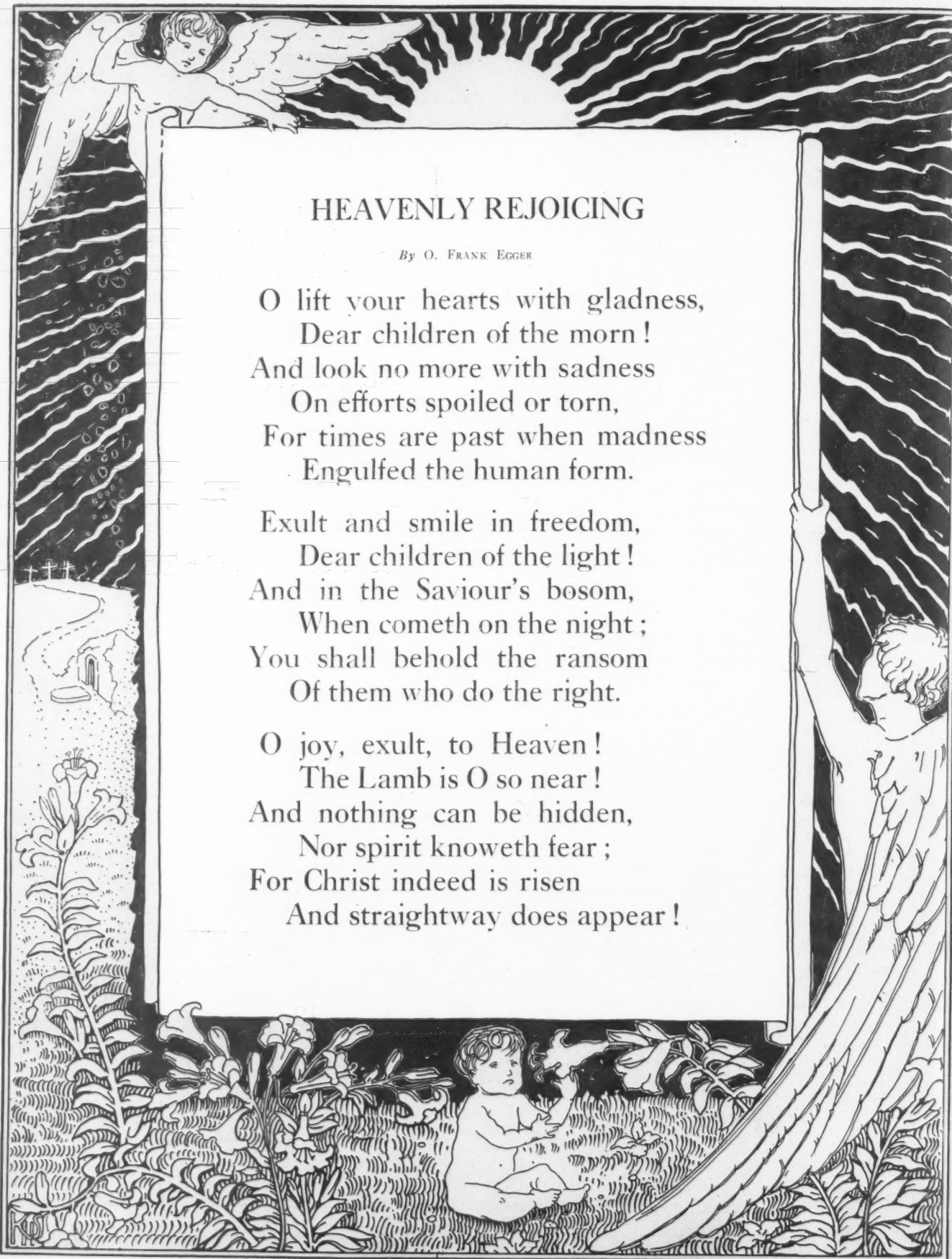
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On efforts spoiled or torn,
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Engulfed the human form.

Exult and smile in freedom,
Dear children of the light !
And in the Saviour's bosom,
When cometh on the night ;
You shall behold the ransom
Of them who do the right.

O joy, exult, to Heaven !
The Lamb is O so near !
And nothing can be hidden,
Nor spirit knoweth fear ;
For Christ indeed is risen
And straightway does appear !